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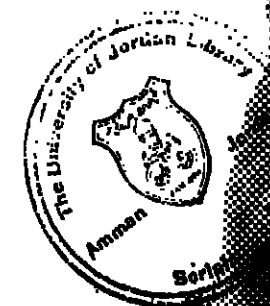


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YOM KIPPUR 1973-83



THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, September 16, 1983

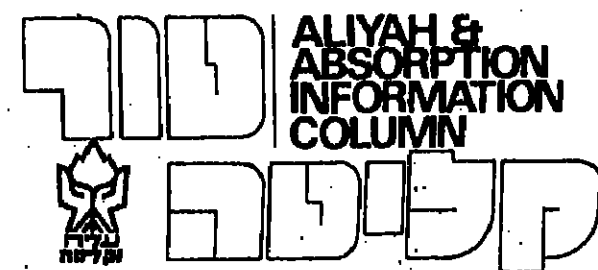




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Cover artwork by Alex Berlyne.



Readers can contact us by writing to the ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS DIVISION, Department of Information for Olim, P.O.B. 616, Jerusalem.

Important Correction to the "Higher Mortgages for Olim" Column

(published Erev Rosh Hashana, September 7, 1983)

The loan given for 20 years at 6% interest is LINKED (and not unlinked as indicated in the Mortgages Table). We refer to the sums of IS 150,000 and IS 100,000 available to olim families.

We apologize for any inconvenience which this error may have caused.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The response to the publications order form which we printed in this newspaper in mid-August has been most gratifying and we have received hundreds of requests for material. As a result we have depleted our stocks of certain publications and they are currently being reprinted. Readers who sent in requests (including those who sent in order forms from the back of existing booklets) are asked to be patient a little longer. We will answer all requests as soon as possible.

With best wishes for a Qmar Hatima Tova,

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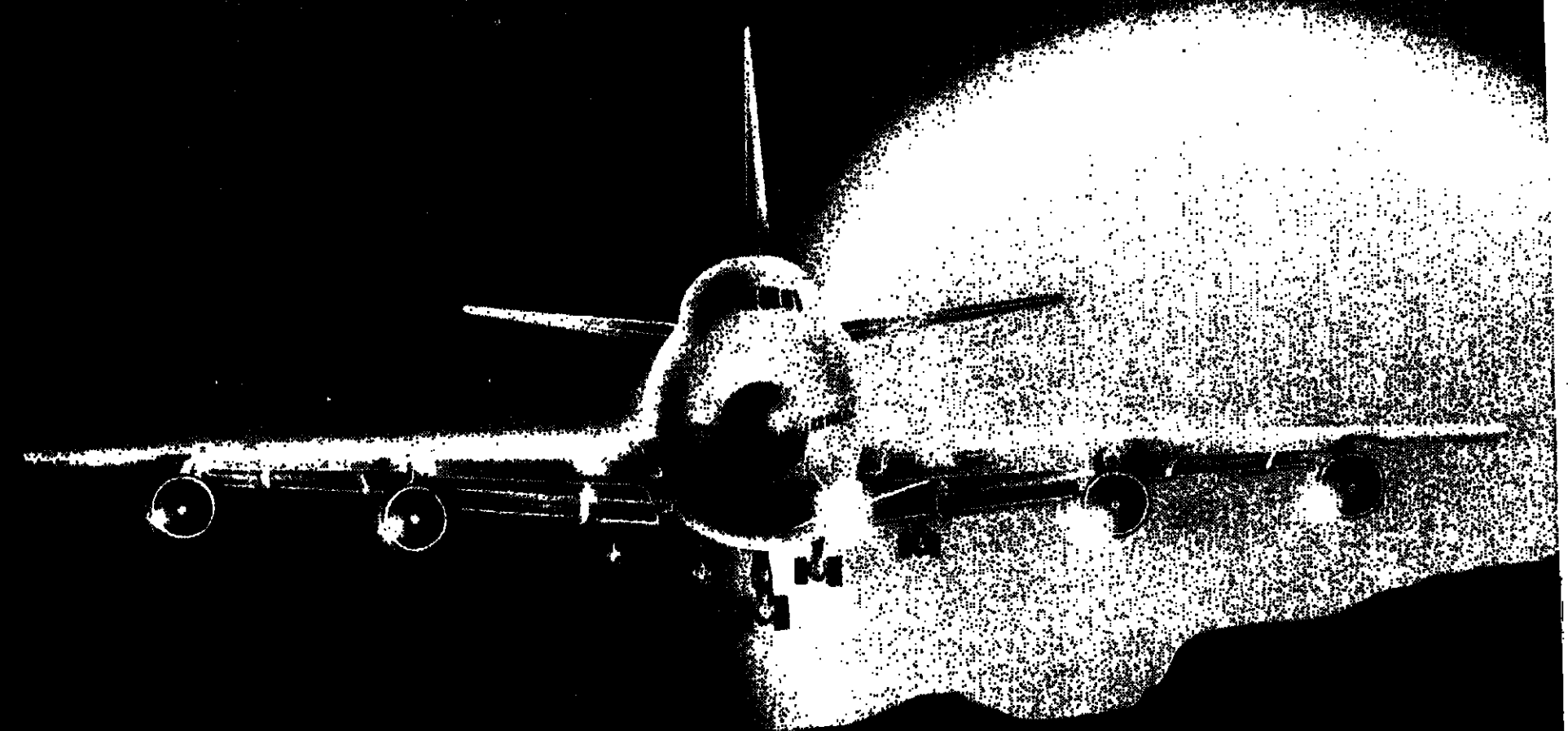
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

כקדא מן האל

Seventy-Three and Eighty-Three

Defence Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN takes stock on the tenth anniversary of the Yom Kippur War.

EVEN NOW, after a decade, it is impossible to discuss the Yom Kippur War unemotionally. The death toll was too high; the scars, physical and mental, too deep.

It is ironic, however, that what was considered by many — at least until Lebanon — to be Israel's most catastrophic war — was the only one to have brought peace in its wake, albeit a troubled peace.

In defiance of normal strategic logic, certainly academic strategic logic, Israel's wars reversed the relationship between military victory and political gain.

The Six Day War was undoubtedly one of the most impressive military victories in modern history; but neither security nor peace followed. That war reignited the spluttering flame of Palestinian nationalism, and led to an Arab determination to settle accounts. It led to national arrogance in Israel, that precluded a realistic assessment of the forces at play, and to a

deterioration in Israel's international standing. It brought with it territories that became new battlefields, and, ultimately, the curse of a nation divided.

But perhaps the greatest tragedy of all was that Israel's stunning victory left the people with a blind trust in the competence of the leadership of the country. Military genius was mistaken for statesmanship. The army and its generals became sacrosanct, the government and its actions almost beyond question.

Slogans of defiance were hurled at peace initiatives by a government assured of adulation, and a steadily deteriorating military situation was accepted with relative equanimity by a population that continued to believe in the infallibility of the generals.

Even the press was blinded. It, too, played the national game of self-delusion. Hell on the Bar-Lev line was reported in heroic terms,

hauling the spirit of volunteer officers but never questioning the sanity or the necessity of the situation. Armour Day, Air Force Day, Artillery Day and Navy Day became national media events, unveiling ever-increasing manifestations of Israeli military genius. New cannon and microchip missiles sparkled like gems in Israel's invulnerable armour.

Few questions were asked, and when they were, they were drowned by a jingoistic chorus of "Traitor!" Censorship was applauded by the public and imposed on itself by the press — partners in a game of national deception that gave birth to the Yom Kippur War.

TO THIS DAY, there is no clear understanding of what went wrong in the first week of October 1973. All the facts were there, but they failed to sway those responsible for a comprehensive assessment, who preferred not to allow facts to get in

the way of theory.

The past decade has done nothing to dull the recollection of that early evening meeting five days before the war when Ya'acov Erez, the military correspondent of *Ma'ariv*, and I were called to General Headquarters and told to stop being hysterical about the huge troop movements taking place in Egypt and Syria.

"You continue with this hysteria and you will be responsible for men remaining at the front instead of coming home for the holidays," we were told.

Still intoxicated with elation at having downed 13 Syrian jets over Lebanon in a single engagement, the generals were not going to be convinced that the Arab armies would tangle with an invincible IDF.

"If you must know," they said "the Arabs are conducting winter maneuvers. In fact, they are so nervous about us over-reacting that they coordinated with us through the UN — but that's off the record, of course."

"Off the record, of course" was the chummy proviso that cemented the mainstream Israeli press to the blunders of the system. It broke down the natural suspicion that has to exist in relations between those who make decisions and those who are supposed to examine them. The press, partly by design, partly by desire, was an integral part of the system of self-deception.

The pay-off for compliance was being made part of the system. Secrets were shared with reporters and editors bound by contract to forget what they were told to forget; to suppress what the government thought was contrary to the national interest.

Reporters treated to glimpses at Israel's secret arsenal failed to notice tanks without sights, storage depots in shambles and doctrine that had become archaic. They — we — failed to notice military developments on the other side, such as anti-tank missiles, preferring to extol our own.

IT WAS NOT just the press that was silent but the opposition too. For they shared not only the laurels of the 1967 victory, having been in a national unity government at the

time, but the obduracy that had moulded the policy in those days.

For them, the Bar-Lev line along the Suez Canal was not a deathtrap but a stake in a Greater Israel, a guarantee that "not one inch" of captured territory would be sacrificed on the fool's altar of compromise.

They, too, failed to grasp the clear signs of belligerent intention, though this information was made available through the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee of the Knesset, which then, unlike now, was a place where information was shared.

Blame for the surprise of the Yom Kippur War has to be shared by all in Israel, for all were party to the blindness, the arrogance and the national self-deception that led us to believe that the sword was sharper than it really was. And worse, that led us to believe that a sword alone could shield Israel from the consequences of arrogance.

TEN YEARS have gone by, and now again, though different, things are the same. The difference is that the voice is no longer united in weakness, but has been rendered weak by divisiveness. Instead of being self-satisfied because of our own strength, we are self-satisfied because of the apparent weakness of our enemies.

The chant has changed, but the message is the same.

Superficially, Israel has a great deal to be satisfied with, from a geo-strategic point of view, if little else, 10 years after the Yom Kippur War. The Iran-Iraq war has split the Arab world, with Syria and Libya supporting Iran, and the rest, Iraq. This result has been fragmentation, that has penetrated the core and the foundations of the anti-Israel alliance, down to the ranks of the PLO.

There is satisfaction to be derived from the fact that Jordanian agents are helping members of the Moslem Brotherhood to undermine President Hafez Assad's regime in Syria, and that Assad is training members of the anti-Saddam Hussein underground in Iraq.

While Lebanon is a mess and Israel's dream of a Christian government ruling over a country rid of the Syrians is in ruins, Lebanon is peripheral to the mainstream



war. The Egyptian armed forces have been totally retrained and revamped.

Ultra-sophisticated Western military equipment, including F-16 fighters, have replaced third-grade Soviet hand-me-downs made to look respectable by the inclusion of several impressive modern systems, on which the Soviets were careful not to train the Egyptians too efficiently.

Not only were the Egyptians kept in the dark as to the real operational capabilities of many of the systems provided by the Soviet Union but, given the propensity of the Egyptian army to lose entire weapon systems intact to the Israelis, most of these weapons arrived in Egypt without their sensitive, and therefore useful, components.

This has all changed. If the peace process should break down, the IDF will be facing a vastly superior Egyptian army whose weapons are, in many cases, comparable with Israel's, though the ability to use them may not yet be as developed, as Israel's.

THERE IS little reason to be complacent about what has happened in Syria either. Assad has emerged from the Lebanese war anything but vanquished.

By the end of this year, the experts predict, the Syrians will have completed the integration of two more divisions into their ground forces, and almost completed the total mechanization of their army.

The Soviets have deployed themselves physically in Syria, manning SAM missile sites containing weapons never before deployed outside the Soviet Union. This means that Israeli military planners have much more to contend with now than in June last year.

The Syrian army also emerged from the Lebanese War with a better understanding of its own weaknesses. Israel had deployed its finest against the Syrians, enjoying almost total tactical surprise. In some fields, the Syrians were surprised by their own success, as, for example, in the use of commandos and in the performance of their tank formations. In others, such as air defence, they were devastated by their weakness.

The split in the PLO will not mean the death of Palestinian nationalism, and the inactivity of Jordan's King Hussein cannot be guaranteed for ever, and certainly not within the context of a pan-Arab or partial Arab attack on Israel.

The weakness of the other side is not something Israel can rely on to protect it in the long run.

TEN YEARS have passed since the Yom Kippur War shook Israel to its foundations, but so little has changed. Despite the soul-searching and self-castigation, the political changes and events in the Arab world during this past decade, little seems to have been learned.

Again we stand hoping that the mistakes of our foes will negate our own ineptitude. How else can one explain the political reality in Israel today when, instead of planning this country's future, those at its helm are preoccupied exclusively with their own political survival?

Israel is living in the same fool's paradise that allowed the Yom Kippur War to happen. The difference is that today, Israel is weaker than it was a decade ago. Perhaps the country has more tanks and more guns, but it lacks unity, and it lacks leadership. And worse, many have begun to lose sight of what there is to be united about.

strategic equation in the Middle East. Israel's problem in Lebanon is a tactical one, aimed at controlling terror. There is not even a major military threat to Israel from a hostile government in that country: whatever army it might have at its disposal would be of little more than nuisance value within the context of a Middle East war.

And though the peace treaty with Egypt is floundering, it remains stable enough for Israel virtually to ignore the southern front from a military point of view, allowing the IDF to concentrate all its forces in the north.

This, coupled with Israel's deployment in the Bekaa just 23 km. from Damascus, can be of little comfort to the Syrians, already worried by the realization that if a war should break out, they would have to fight it alone. Moreover, they would have to fight it on two fronts, the Bekaa and the Golan, with Damascus within artillery range

from the two directions and Israel enjoying total air superiority.

BUT AGAIN, as in the years between the victorious war and the disastrous war, these arguments are dangerous. One of these days the Iraq-Iran war will end. The Iraqi army, considered the greatest long-term threat to Israel, will emerge from the war not only almost doubled in size, but with years of battle experience behind it. The war has given the Iraqi army the experience it needed to find and correct its weaknesses, to iron out the kinks that once ensured for Israel a qualitative gap, that came to compensate for its quantitative disadvantage.

And while it is true that the peace treaty with Egypt has improved Israel's military situation, it has also done wonders for Egypt's. As part of the gift he received from the Americans in exchange for peace, President Sadat was given the means for making more efficient



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CLIP & SAVE

THE synagogue where we pray is not one that I myself would naturally have chosen. In a study hall high above an established congregation in Jerusalem, the men's section can at least boast a wood-paneled Ark, but the women's balcony is a rain-streaked plaster afterthought hovering over the broad tables around which the men pray.

The young women of Jerusalem who gather there on Friday night sit on plain, wooden kitchen chairs in the dank cold. But they don't seem to mind their shabby surroundings. With eager eyes they peer through the thin curtain at the proud young men below. They watch them swaying back and forth, their knitted skullcaps circling in a distant universe.

The tallit-covered figures pray for the rebuilding of the Temple, the most glorious of all synagogues. They turn in the direction of its only remaining wall, on special occasions, such as Simhat Torah, they flock to the wall; on Tisha B'Av, too, they can be seen pressed into hushed solemnity, fighting the crowds to the Western Wall, there to mourn the destruction of the Temple and pray for its renewal.

Never have Jews felt closer to their moment of renewal. These young men witnessed Jerusalem returned to them amidst shofar blasts and prayers of thanksgiving. And yet, still hesitant, Redemption continues to linger. The world continues to order itself in its old ways. The young men of the knitted skullcaps continue to pray in our attic synagogue, while under its spiraling tower the pure waters of the neighbourhood mikve flow. And to this ritual bath, the married women of the community make their monthly pilgrimage, there to wash away the waste of an unredeemed world, there to purge the stale hope, the unborn promise of the past month.

One likes to imagine that, although Redemption lingers, these subterranean springs feed the prayers of the vigorous young men and brings some renewal to their lives each month.

And on Rosh Hashana and Yom Kippur who does not cry and tremble before the shepherd's rod that measures the fate of men and women alike? "Who will live and who will die, who by water and who by fire."

Indifferent to the murmur of the chambers below, they stand with bated breath in conscious awe before the blasts of the shofar, the power of the ram's horn. Strong and vibrant, fearful and yet so complete are these blasts in our synagogue.

Uri, our shofar-blower, is the voice of our minyan. A short, stocky Israeli, the son of hard-working moshav parents from Russia, he carries the Jewish people on his back with the stolid loyalty of the sabra. Not a tragic figure, he nevertheless has endured tragedies: a brother killed in an army accident, a child mentally retarded because of hospital neglect after birth.

Uri was among those who fought for Jerusalem in the Six Day War, and the long, sharp, confident blasts of his shofar each year echo the hope for redemption. For the time when peace will reign and his brother will live again and his beautiful, blonde daughter will open her eyes with understanding.

After each section of the Musaf prayer on Rosh Hashana there is a quick murmuring throughout the synagogue. Then, the hush and the whispered directive, "T'kiah." Uri takes a deep breath and blows. The rich, thick sounds emerge and rise

to remain suspended in the air like some marvellous acrobat.

It is a wonderful sound, the sound of Uri's shofar, echoing the godlike blasts when the earth trembled and the skies opened and the Jewish people begged to be spared the divine encounter at Mount Sinai, reverberating the triumphant blasts that were heard at Jericho when the Jews circled the city and the walls fell, and were heard again at the conquest of Jerusalem in 1967, when the shofar was blown at the Western Wall to signal the miraculous victory of the Six Day War.

Uri was there then, and for seven years we lived with him in its resounding confidence. And if, during those years, there was terror that frightened and appalled us, or greed that disturbed us, it was a little like the crying of the anguished child at the back of the synagogue, it could not affect the sure voice of our shofar blower.

And if that pure moment of possibility turned rotten in its ripeness, if the energy for redemption was eaten up while men got rich and arrogant and careless, if corruption spread instead of a new human nature and the Messiah sat weeping in our entrance hall, we were not yet ready to realize it. Uri still accepted his child's muteness and his parents' pain in silence.

And although as a woman my redemption lay elsewhere, in the hedged voice, the confessional tone, the circuitous flow of underground channels, I, too, thrilled at the magnificent thrusts of a confident shofar.

UNTIL Yom Kippur 1973.

The accepted routine of solemnity was undermined only by cars racing through the empty streets on the Holiest of Holy Days. "Where was the usual respect shown the holiday?" people asked. By the 2 o'clock break from the synagogue the cars were in evidence everywhere. Yet we continued to carry the solemnity of the day in our hearts until the final blasts of the shofar signalled its end.

Anticipating the shofar, I remembered that, as a child in Chicago, my favourite Hebrew-school teacher who had escaped Hitler by running off to Shanghai, had likened the shofar to the shrieking of an ambulance or an air raid siren or an SS squad car. In hushed, dramatic tones he would draw the lineaments of the fear that grips each person at such times. Who will live? Who will die? Who by fire? Who by water? These were not the proud blasts of the shofar we had known in our little shul in the study hall on top of the big synagogue.

Yet when the siren came tearing out of the skies on that Yom Kippur afternoon, it was the shofar of my Hebrew school teacher I recognized. It was the howl of the Jew who had fled Hitler by way of Shanghai, it was the memory of those who had not escaped at all, which sent people scurrying to their air-raid shelters and transistor radios; and the call-up signals that came through the radio were as the songs of the Levites in the Temple. "Dodi, Li V'Ani Lo," "I Am to My Lover and My Lover is to Me," "Sh'ma Yashuv," "The Remnant Shall Return."

AND we returned to the synagogue after the break like ancient Israelites pressing anxiously into the courtyard of the Temple, waiting for the High Priest to emerge from the Holy of Holies. Would he come out alive and whole, radiating a good year, or would he be dragged

THE SHOFAR BLOWER

Rachel Harnasi



flowed on beneath the synagogue with hardly a murmur.

Uri, the shofar blower, was also called up. His wife Miriam sat with the mute child on her lap. Uri did not leave at once, however. He waited the last few minutes to blow the final blasts that would end the service and announce the advent of a new year.

And his blasts were still the blasts of Mt. Sinai and Jericho. Only a slight tremor betrayed the wailing siren of the shofar my Hebrew-school teacher had known when he escaped Hitler through Shanghai. But it was not noticed.

I DID NOT see the shofar blower again before spring. We had followed his fortunes in a general way, along with everyone else's. Was he alive? Injured? An eye or a leg or an arm? Where did he fight? North or south? How long after the war did he serve in the army?

Uri served in Sinai until Pessah. He went through some of the most difficult battles in the tank corps. The day after Yom Kippur, he was already pushing forward with his tank crew in an unsuccessful attempt to save the reservists in an embattled bunker in the northern part of the Canal. Everything was confusion. Different officers giving different orders. His tank, rusty, moved clumsily. Under missile fire, they had to retreat. A close friend, he discovered later, died in those bunkers they could not reach. A man Uri loved. A man called Moshe. Moshe's warmth and wisdom were legendary in our neighbourhood. His smile was the sun. He brought Redemption wherever he went.

It was only a few days later, as they were preparing for what military historians were to call the largest tank battle in history, that Uri heard the rumour, "Moshe was in the northern bunker. Most of the men escaped under the cover of night. But there's unofficial talk that he received a direct hit in the head."

The shofar blower went through the rest of the war mechanically. And when he crossed the Canal with Ariel Sharon's battalion forging ahead with the surty of the shofar blast at Jericho, it was the whimpering pain of Avi, his tank companion who lay dying at his side, that he heard, and the soft sweet voice of Moshe, killed in a bunker in northern Sinai.

It was the memory of his brother, who had been killed in an army accident, that haunted him. "For nothing," he thought, "Redemption turned to negligence."

All around him men were being hit by shells falling into the Canal, where large tankers had once peacefully sailed, where Jews, following the call of the ram's horn, had come on trips to Sinai. Was Redemption, after all, an illusion?

The shofar blower returned home to take count of his friends who had survived. Everything else seemed irrelevant. Restless, he couldn't get back to his research in physics. The army sent him to a rest home where he spoke to psychologists, who then wrote up papers on anxiety in war, and that, too, seemed irrelevant.

THEN, one day, Uri the shofar blower called to ask if he could come and talk to us. "Of course, Uri, of course," we assured him. He was going around talking to all the people in the shul. "We must change the system of government," he insisted, showing us a petition. "That is at the root of the problem. There must be someone responsible to the people. This negligence and

waste must be stopped."

His arguments were reasonable, intelligent, but he was a changed man and it was the hysteria in his heart that we heard.

We were sceptical and he felt betrayed. Next, we heard that he was writing to colleagues outside the country, making them aware of Russia's imperialistic aims in the area. Slowly, he calmed down. Still, for a long time he could not countenance concerts or the theatre. He threw himself into research that would help the country. He sought healing in his wife Miriam again, with a subterranean surge of desire whose headwaters could only be found in death. But from this came new life. Miriam was heavily pregnant by Rosh Hashana. We made our way up the high stairs into the synagogue. She came slowly with great hesitation, the mute child by her side. We all went doggedly, full of memory.

A NEW YEAR. We must now leap the distance to heaven and force a better one through the legendary gates. And we must do it with the same strength that plunged us across the Canal and encircled the Third Army. We waited anxiously for the shofar blower.

We waited for the reaffirmation of Mount Sinai, the triumph of Jericho. The shofar blower came up to the bimah after the Tora reading. There was a half-smile on my face in expectation of the clear, confident sounds of the shofar.

But no sound came forth. One could hear in the silence of the room the sound of blowing, of life's breath passing through the ram's horn. But with no results. He tried again. This time it was better. A series of weak, little bleats emerged. *T'kiah*, bleat, *Shvarim*, bleat, bleat. *T'kiah*, bleat, *Shvarim*, bleat, bleat. *T'kiah*, bleat, *Shvarim*, bleat, bleat. We breathed with relief when the first series was over. Musaf continued. *Untaneh Tokef*. "Who shall live... Who shall die... Who by water [the waters of the Canal]... Who by fire."

The tank plunged through the fires to the left and the right, the explosions of shells louder than the shofar, blasting during the Avodah. *T'kiah*, and Shimon slumping from the half-track in front of Uri. "T'kiah," the cantor reminded the shofar blower gently. Uri breathed deeply. He pushed the life from his lungs. He blew with all the strength in his square shoulders and chest, his strong legs. His whole being was being offered into the ram's horn, but all that emerged was a wail, the wavering cry of a child. Neither the affirmation of Sinai nor the triumph of Jericho but the innocent and fearful voice of Isaac asking, "But where is the ram for the sacrifice?"

The congregation squirmed uncomfortably. They felt irritated, betrayed. Where was their master of the shofar? Another *T'kiah*. A shriek of pain, the clenched teeth and mechanical movements across the Canal, not stopping to gather Gadi in his arms or save Moshe from the bunker, no time to stop and breathe life into Avi's handsome form.

The shofar blower who could once pierce the heavens and make the earth reverberate would never be the same. *T'kiah*, *G'dolah*! A woman's sob and then another, hiccupping, gasping sob. Sarah hearing of Isaac's sacrifice.

A tremble went through the congregation. It held its breath in absolute silence, waiting for the half-sounds, the gasps, the sobs to finish, for the mercurial waters from below to rise and cleanse them. And a new year, to begin.

'We succeeded only in overthrowing the government, not the establishment,' says Motti Ashkenazi. He talks to ABRAHAM RABINOVICH about developments since his post-Yom Kippur War protest.

THE APOCALYPSE Motti Ashkenazi envisioned still lay beyond the horizon when the 32-year-old reserve captain arrived at the Budapest outpost on the eve of Rosh Hashana 5734, 10 years ago. A deputy company commander in the Jerusalem Brigade, he had been assigned command of the largest and northernmost fortress on the Bar-Lev Line.

The pastoral nature of the early autumn landscape along the Canal he scanned through binoculars that day extended even to the main Egyptian positions at Port Fuad, 2.5 kilometres opposite, and to the Egyptian commando outposts only half that distance from Budapest.

A few months before, Ashkenazi, a doctoral student at the Hebrew University, had sat at an outdoor table at the Savoy Cafe in Jerusalem talking politics, as was his wont, with a friend, a regular army officer. Pulling out newspaper clippings of President Anwar Sadat's speech offering to reopen the Canal in exchange for a partial Sinai pull-back, Ashkenazi argued that Israel must open a real dialogue with Egypt or face the certainty of another war.

That certainty remained theoretical until, a few days after his arrival, Ashkenazi led a morning patrol along the causeway running back from his position to the Israeli lines. At a distance of about four kilometres, he came on footprints leading up from the beach.

He had never served on the Canal before; much of his previous reserve duty had been along the Jordan River, where the search for the footprints of infiltrators was routine. When he contacted the battalion this time it took considerable persuading before headquarters agreed to send trackers. When they arrived, the trackers said the footprints were made by Israeli soldiers. Ashkenazi was convinced it was an Egyptian reconnaissance patrol and for the first time he began to feel that his political prognostications might fulfil themselves before his eyes.

On the night before Yom Kippur eve, he and his men heard the sound of tanks taking up position along the Egyptian lines and could see brake lights as the tanks maneuvered. When Ashkenazi persisted in reporting his concerns to battalion headquarters, he was told to stop being panicky.

The next day, a senior battalion officer visited Budapest before the final meal prior to the onset of the fast to calm the men. Nothing was going to happen, he said, and if the Egyptians did open fire, the IDF would smash them.

THERE WAS no question in Ashkenazi's mind that an Egyptian attack was imminent despite the impervious smugness of the military establishment. As the shells began to explode on Budapest early the next afternoon and the major scale of the conflict became evident from the reports on the radio net, Ashkenazi vowed to his men that if they got out of the war alive he would demonstrate outside the Prime Minister's Office to demand the resignation of defence minister Moshe Dayan.

An attempt by Israeli units to relieve Budapest was repulsed by an ambush of Egyptian commandos —



Motti Ashkenazi outside the prime minister's office (1974), and at his Jerusalem factory (1983).



PATTERN-MAKER

precisely at the spot where Ashkenazi had seen the tracks a few days before. But Budapest held out — the only Bar-Lev strongpoint not to fall — and on a rainy day four months later Motti Ashkenazi, two days out of uniform, showed up outside Golda Meir's office and set up his placards. "Grandma — your defence minister is a failure and 3,000 of your grandchildren are dead," said one of them.

Ashkenazi became a symbol and a catalyst. Other angry reservists joined him and soon the lone protest had become a movement, amorphous but eloquent — giving vent to the feeling that something had gone amiss with the country. A few months later, Golda resigned, taking the government with her.

"WE SUCCEEDED only in overthrowing the government," said Ashkenazi this week, "not the establishment."

He was being interviewed in a Jerusalem cafe — by chance, the same one where he had talked about the possibility of war with his friend before that Yom Kippur. (The friend was killed in the war and decorated posthumously.)

The passage of a decade has not mellowed Ashkenazi. The then-student protester has become a capitalist — the owner of an educational toy factory in Talpit — and the father of three. But he dwells still in the grey area of political discontent and foreboding. "I felt then, and still do, that if we don't overthrow the establishment we will be destroyed."

Since appealing to the High Court of Justice in 1976 to demand that the army institute an inquiry into the behaviour of some of its commanding officers in the Yom Kippur War, Ashkenazi has not been called back to reserve duty. He thus sat out the Lebanese war

but has followed with interest the protest groups that have emerged from it.

"I believe we have lost more ground than we have gained in the past 10 years. But if 400,000 people can come out in Tel Aviv to express their feelings against the war, that is something positive. The most we were ever able to get outside the prime minister's office was 10,000 people."

He himself missed out on the Tel Aviv demonstration organized by Peace Now last year because of family reasons. But he sees his lone stand 10 years ago as having helped spawn the pattern of protest that led to that impressive public turnout.

ASHKENAZI kindled the nation's imagination 10 years ago as a clear and courageous symbol. However, trying today to find the man behind the symbol is a cloudy and mildly unsettling exercise.

He does not like talking about himself. Yet he believes that he has a political message the nation should hear — a condition he in fact set down for the interview was that his political views be spelled out in the article. Yet beyond expressing his dislike for things that a good part of the population dislikes, he appears to be long on slogans and short on practical solutions.

"We are facing the choice between Greater Israel (*Eretz Yisrael hashleima*) or a united Jewish nation (*Am Yisrael Hashalemi*). They don't go together."

"The stock market is a cancerous growth that makes a mockery of the work ethic."

"Instead of selling indulgences to the Jews of the Diaspora by accepting their money and easing their consciences, we should be taking responsibility for Jewish education in the world, or else we'll be facing another kind of Holocaust — the loss of Jewry through assimilation."

"We have raised 50 per cent of the population with a sense of being downtrodden and a feeling that the world owes them a living."

Ashkenazi's listener strains to follow the thrust of his message and concludes that he must have missed the point being made.

One thing, however, seems clear — Ashkenazi regards Zionism as a still-revolutionary ideology aimed at creating not just a Jewish state but a just and productive society. He went into industry, he said, because this is what Israel needs. "We need hundreds of thousands to go into industry out of a sense of national mission, not because they don't want to work in services."

FOLLOWING his original emergence into the public arena, Ashkenazi served as the nucleus of various small protest groups. Although he toyed with the notion of forming a political party at one point, he has not become involved in party politics. He still, however, gives lectures around the country periodically.

Looking back, Ashkenazi sees a maturing in the Israeli public over the past decade. "I no longer accept everything as holy writ from Sinai. It demands explanations. It demands accountability — sometimes even more than is needed."

The reaction to the Sabra and Shatilla massacres, for instance, was beyond anything expected by international standards, he says. "I don't see this as negative. But you can see how far we've come from the Yom Kippur War demonstrations, when we were demanding any kind of accountability."

Ashkenazi deserves a firm place in the footnotes of modern Israeli history for having helped create a new norm of public accountability and for having helped raise the possibility in the public mind that defence ministers and generals may be subject to human error, and perhaps even folly — a touch of iconoclasm Israel badly needed.

Whatever the merits of his political philosophy, he has earned the right to go on making morning patrols along the borders of our national consciousness, searching for signs of hostile tracks heading inland. After Budapest, who can scold?

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Tuesdays 9.30
Tues., Sept. 20:
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The Graduate 7.30, 9.30

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Thursday 7, 9

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ATZMON

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LE RETOUR DES PEBDAFFES

SOME theatre critics assert that art criticism may be an art in its own right. If art means skill, then criticism is an art just like cooking or driving.

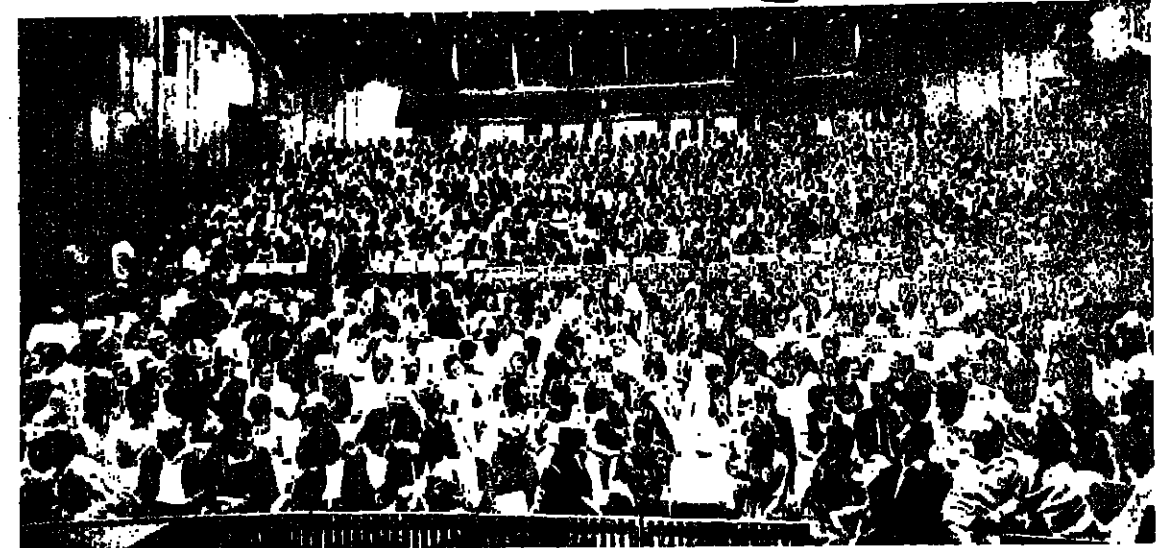
But if we use the term art in the sense of *beaux arts* — and this is what the theatre critic deals with — then critical writing is not an art. A critique may be written with insight, learning, wit, and a captivating style; but it still has to be analytical, explication, reasoning. Even people like Thomas Mann and T.S. Eliot, writing literary criticism, are closer to John Kenneth Galbraith on economics than to their own works of art. This is even clearer in the theatre, with writers like Dürrenmatt and Ionesco.

Good art is many-layered, with different perspectives and meanings, and is open to different interpretations. The critic usually gives one view, one interpretation. The fact that others see the work differently is no argument against his way of reasoning, based on his impressions.

His success lies in making others see something they did not see before, especially in new, dovetailing and unusual works. It is his task to ferret these out and make people pay attention, or overcome aversion. As far as "great art" is concerned, he serves the consumer best who serves art well.

The 17th-century French thinker La Bruyère said that theatre criticism was "un métier où il faut plus de sùreté que de l'éprit, plus d'ouvrage que de capacité, plus d'habitude que de génie." This sounds somewhat pedestrian, as it was meant to; but if what criticism

A critic's place



needs is (in my words) healthy reasoning, application, and experience, one can only wish that all critics have these.

THEATRE criticism has many facets. And of course there are different types of critic. Here are the main ones:

- The reporter. Requirement: alertness. Task: information. Text: notes. Place: in the field.
- The correspondent. Requirements: experience and judgement. Task: opinion. Text: review. Place: the office.
- The pundit. Requirement: proficiency. Task: explanation.

THEATRE Uri Rapp

Text: article, or column. Place: the study.

□ The writer. Requirement: deliberation. Task: explication. Text: essay. Place: the library.

□ The scholar. Requirement: erudition. Task: instruction. Text: study. Place: the classroom.

This is just a preliminary and superficial attempt at classification. There is overlapping between the types, but the list may help us un-

derstand the problems.

Most theatre criticism in daily papers belongs in the first two categories; the third type may be found in weeklies. For performances that have purely commercial or entertainment value, type one is usually sufficient. And, as I suggested in a previous article, the last two types should not be found in newspapers.

IN A country like Israel, where repertory companies are supported by government funds and aspire to artistic standards, but frequently present pure entertainment and compete blatantly with commercial

enterprises, there is a problem.

Much of the adverse criticism of recent years was justified but unfair. The companies and the critics have maneuvered themselves into a corner. Simply to refrain from writing reviews of these performances is not a good way out of this situation, since it would be unfair to actors and directors who have a certain standing in their art. It would also be unfair to the public, which has certain expectations of a national or a municipal theatre.

The discrepancy between the critics and the box office which exists in this country can hardly be overcome under the present circumstances. But it is still gratifying to see that unanimous and serious critical acclaim of a play or a performance will draw large audiences, even if they are sometimes protesting ones. A critic does not have to be obstreperous on purpose; but audience protest against critical acclaim can be a very healthy thing.

NEWSPAPER criticism of plays, with all its problems and faults, can still perform several tasks helpful to the theatre itself. It can, and should, discover new experiments, styles, attitudes, and explain them. It should, as a result of the superior experience of the critic, supply standards of comparison. It should advise the public, without expecting to be obeyed blindly. It should provide a record of past performances, for future study and comparison.

And it will also inevitably provide evidence of the fallibility of human judgment, and opportunity for subsequent review and reconsideration.

Looking back on anguish

TELEREVIEW Philip Gillon

THE NEW YEAR provided a good augury for a better year than the one we have just endured — on several nights we found ourselves looking at the earnest, intelligent and attractive countenance of Yaron London. First he went soul-searching, then he explored the history of the years between 1967 and 1973.

I trust that his appearance is an indication that all is forgiven and forgotten at TV House, and that he will be appearing regularly on our screens. He is too good a TV personality to be ignored by the powers that control our programmes. With the aid of a sexologist and two actors, he has been wasting his time doing staged shows about sexual hang-ups: if he were to bring this programme to the tube, he would have an audience of millions instead of thousands. I am sure that we viewers want guidance through the labyrinth of sex just as much as anybody who went to London's performances in the flesh.

Not even Ronnie Milo MK can complain about the way the '67-'73 period was presented. Producer Yehuda Kaveh apparently aimed at — and achieved — complete evenhandedness. Right at the beginning, even before the dust of battle had settled, we were shown Menachem Begin, then minister without portfolio, accompanying Prime Minister Levi Eshkol on an aerial tour of the West Bank. Shortly afterwards, we saw him acting as *sandak* at a *bril mila* in Hebron, with the sinister figure of Rabbi Moshe Levinger at his shoulder.

Against a background of Israelis dancing at the Western Wall in June, 1967, we were given an insert of Gula Cohen MK looking backwards from 1983 at what happened then. She made some very sagacious comments.

She claimed — and, I am sure, with truth — that even at that time she realized that the joy would be short-lived if there wasn't a change in the government's policy of seeking a return to the *status quo* and the 1949 lines. With all due respect to the IDF and its great skill in winning the war, she went on, material conquests were not enough, if there was not also a conquest of the spirit.

However much I may disapprove of her policies, I must concede that her analysis was correct. The Six Day War changed not only the map of the Middle East, but also the entire outlook, philosophy and character of the Israelis — indeed, it had the same effect on our Jewish supporters abroad. Some Zionist orators used to claim that they grew six inches taller because of the glorious victory; the trouble is that we grew six feet taller, not just six inches, and eventually overbalanced because of our excessive height.

It was all too easy to change from underdogs to overdogs, from defenders to conquerors, from David to Goliath. Alexander Pope put the process very well: "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, As, to be hated, needs but to be seen; Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In a way, it was perfectly correct, historically, to interpose Begin and Cohen so early in the history, despite the fact that they did not contribute in any way to the victory, because they and the policies in which they believe were the real and only heirs of the victory.

Cohen is right when she says that the architects of that war expected to return to the old frontiers, with some adjustments made for security reasons only; they had no feeling for the West Bank grounded in myth.

AT FIRST, the Israeli occupation of the West Bank was the gentlest alien administration in history. Dayan's policy of an army that was altogether unobtrusive seemed to work like a charm. The Arabs were completely traumatized by the war, as Hassanain Heykal of Egypt put it, or they were buying the idea of possible peaceful co-existence with the Jews.

Then came the shock of the three No's of Kharitum and the War of Attrition. I for one am particularly grateful to the producers of this film for reminding us of the perils and stresses of that war, belying the title, *Between the Wars*, as if there was a gap of peace between '67 and '73. Over 500 people were killed in the months of that War of Attrition. Attitudes changed: a new cynicism became widespread, and found cogent expression in Hanoch Levin's play, *Queen of the Bathub*, excerpts of which we saw.

Another example of evenhandedness in the making of the film was giving Lova Eliav a chance to look back in anger. He said contemptuously that we had a feeling that we had become supermen. We were as euphoric as if we had taken political heroin.

Eshkol died, and Golda Meir took over, but Dayan was still there: as London put it, he was at the height of his popularity, a symbol of Israeli independence. He talked so rationally, so subtly, so wonderfully. He always had a clear-cut policy, even though he might change it overnight.

It was pleasant to see the Grand Old Lady in all her glory, running the country like a kitchen. She was the quintessence of grand-maternal strength and the will to endure. Mother Courage incarnate. This was fine, when she carried us through the early disasters of the Yom Kippur War, which had its origin in the myopia of Dayan and of Golda herself, in their conviction that time was on our side and we had only to wait for the Arabs to submit completely.

But despite her good qualities, she could be the most exasperating of women, blinkered and single-minded to the point of monomania. If she saw one thing or thought up one idea, that was it: no further review was necessary. This was all very well when our backs were to the wall, but misleading when we were not in that predicament.

We heard her enunciating one of her most stupid thoughts, which she repeated *ad nauseum*: "What is a Palestinian? I am a Palestinian. All who were here before 1948 are Palestinians. This is a fact. I've still got my old passport. From '21 to '48 I was a Palestinian: we were all Palestinians. There were Jews and there were Arabs: there weren't three things, Jews, Arabs and Palestinians. What happened to the so-called Palestinians till the 5th of June, or, more correctly, the 11th of June?"

Mrs. Meir was ignoring the fact that after May 14, 1948, she ceased to be a Palestinian Jew, and became a proud, and great, Israeli Jew. The Palestinian Arabs disappeared into limbo — and are still there. They are not Jordanian Arabs, not Syrians, not Saudis, not Iraqis, not Lebanese. So they still call themselves Palestinian Arabs. By her objection to the nomenclature, she was trying to convince the world, and perhaps herself, that the Palestinian Arabs had disappeared completely.

The only flaw in these excellent programmes — perhaps an inevitable one, since they were prepared for Israel Television — was the complete absence of any profound interpretations. Nevertheless, 10 years after the Yom Kippur War, it was absorbing to go on a sort of Cook's tour of that momentous era, even if the view was only superficial.

LIKE MOST Israelis, I think, I was very pleased to get a coalition government so quickly, even if it is not exactly the kind of government I expect to adore. But anything is better than a long period of negotiation, with a caretaker government in office.

Personally, I would have liked to see David Levy in the top spot, just because he is a Moroccan immigrant. David Ben-Gurion used to dream of a Yemenite becoming chief-of-staff, but I doubt whether his vision of the Sephardi integration ever went so far as to see a prime minister coming from North Africa instead of Eastern Europe.

What counted against Levy was not his ethnic origin, I suspect, but his comparative youth. We Israelis are devoted believers in obeying the Fifth Commandment, which obligates us to honour our fathers and mothers. Our supreme leader must be a patriarch or a matriarch. Admittedly, Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres, while still quite young, were there for a while, but they sneaked in through the back door, after Golda resigned, and their leadership ruined the Labour Party. David Levy will get his chance — he only has to wait 20 or 30 years.

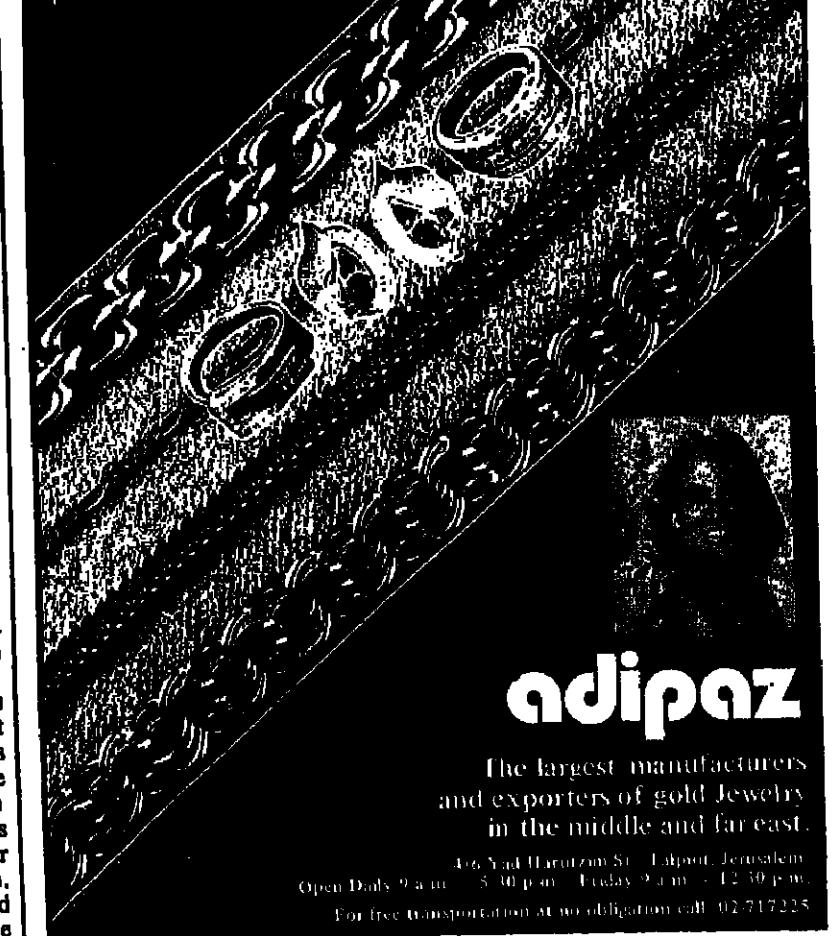
Overseas commentators have worried about Shamir's so-called "terrorist past" in Lehi, his mysterious career in the Mossad and his opposition to Camp David. I can only say that I like his style. If he was a "terrorist," he was at least like Byron's pirate, "the mildest manner'd man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Between him, Moshe Arens and David Levy, we can hope for an era of less demagoguery from on high.

Minister without Portfolio Arik Sharon should be awarded the Israeli Prize for hutzpa. Now that his Pax Israeli policy for Lebanon has collapsed in utter desolation, with catastrophic consequences for the martyred Christians, not to mention the cost to us in blood and treasure, one would have expected Sharon to go into the Jewish equivalent of a monastery, maybe a *yeshiva* on Mount Zion. Instead he is demanding all kinds of things, and is refusing Aren's gracious offer of a dinner: He should spend tonight and tomorrow taking a long Yom Kippur look at himself and what he did in the last year, and should resolve to mend his ways, and never to talk again above a whisper. □

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WHEN GOLDA MEIR, as foreign minister, promised her Polish counterpart at a United Nations session in 1960 that a Jerusalem session would be named after Frederic Chopin on the 150th anniversary of his birth, members of the Jerusalem Municipality's Names Committee objected, as "Chopin was a well-known anti-Semite."

Charged with clearing up the problem (together with the late David Rosolio), I could not in all my research find mention of any explicit anti-Semitic pronouncement or action on the part of the composer. There is only one occasion mentioned in Adolf Weisman's biography, when Chopin is described as having raved against Heinrich Heine.

Consequently, our report stated that there was no explicit evidence in this case and the street was duly named (Dubnov had a second *brilliant*, and part of his street, from Palmah to Marcus, is now called after Chopin). One wonders, incidentally, why he remains the only composer — gentle or Jew — to be honoured by the city in this way.

The case of Richard Wagner is, of course, much more serious. There is no doubt about his deep-rooted anti-Semitism and his influence on a very great number of people, leading straight to Hitler and the Holocaust.

Nineteen eighty-three, the centenary of his death, is obviously a date to be observed in his native country. A flood of books, essays and studies has further enlarged the body of literature which, it is said, compares in volume only with that dedicated to Napoleon.

In the early '20s, a Wagner Library was established in Bayreuth. Within a few years, the catalogues listed over 40,000 books. The bibliography in the *New Grove*, concentrating only on the more important publications, fills 10 columns, far exceeding the space devoted to his musical works and literary efforts.

CONFORMING TO the tendency of present-day Germany to pass elegantly over recent history, Wagner apologists try to play down his writings on Jews and Judaism. Even Martin Gregor-Dellin, author of the latest comprehensive biography (Piper, Munich, 1980), tries to whitewash this aspect of his hero.

The biography, hailed as a work of universal importance because of its new insights, was sharply criticized by Hartmut Zelinsky, a lecturer in German literature at the University of Munich, who seems the most outspoken of a group of young Germans.

In his essay "Rettung ins Ungenau" (Escape into Inaccuracy) which appeared in an issue of *Musikkonzepte* last year, Zelinsky cites numerous examples proving the biographer's attempt at *Adaptation* — revaluation or reassessment — which tends to a falsification of facts through half-quotations. In particular, he says, the biographer ignores many parts of Cosima Wagner's published diaries, which caused a sensation on account of their unabashed disclosure of many hitherto unknown details of conversations between Cosima and her husband, and her own hateful attitude towards Jews.

During this year's Book Fair in Jerusalem, Zelinsky introduced his *Richard Wagner — Ein Deutscher Thema*. In it, for the first time, he provides source material of incredible variety: articles, letters, caricatures, photos, quotations from long-forgotten books,

Chronic problem

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS
Yohanan Boehm

pamphlets and other hard-to-come-by publications which he marshals to prove his point: Wagner was not "adopted" by Hitler by accident; he was one of the most influential pioneers of anti-Semitic movements in Germany since the middle of the last century. It was no chance that rabid anti-Semites such as Hans von Wolzogen (editor of the *Bayreuther Blätter*), Houston Stewart Chamberlain (*Grundlagen des 19th Jahrhunderts* — The Bases of the 19th Century) and Count Gobineau (*Essay on the Inequality of Races*) found in Bayreuth their spiritual home and that the *Wagner Vereine* springing up all over Germany were incubators for a chauvinistic ideology leading straight to Nazi propaganda.

Hans Wahnfried, Wagner's home, hosted Adolf Hitler in 1923 (only a few days before his *putsch*) as a national hero, and Cosima supported him throughout his imprisonment and afterwards, right up to her death in 1930. So did Wagner's daughter-in-law, Winifred. Revealed in a recent film as a lifelong supporter of the Fuehrer, she was banned from any activities in Bayreuth's *Festspiele* by order of the occupation authorities after World War Two.

ZELINSKY'S single-minded attack on the Wagner mystique sometimes leads him to draw conclusions which are open to argument, like Wagner's (and Hitler's) death-wish, or his attempt to de-Judaize Jesus of Nazareth in *Parsifal*. But he gave a classic example of Gregor-Dellin's misinterpretation in a recent lecture at Tel Aviv University (held in the framework of a symposium on Jewish integration and identity in Germany and Austria 1848-1918). His subject was "Hermann Levy and Bayreuth."

It is often argued that Wagner was no anti-Semite, since he allowed Levy to conduct both the premiere and subsequent presentations of *Parsifal*. Cosima Wagner's diaries include a picture of the conductor with the caption "By the master installed as conductor." Writes Gregor-Dellin in his biography: "And what was dearest to him, his *Parsifal*, Wagner entrusted to the son of a rabbi."

The truth, as disclosed by Zelinsky from the correspondence between King Ludwig II and Wagner, is somewhat different. The Bavarian ruler forced Wagner to accept Levy as conductor, making it a condition for permitting the court opera orchestra to perform at Bayreuth.

Ludwig, a supporter of Jewish emancipation, wrote to the composer after the latter's acceptance of the condition: "Nothing is more repulsive and unpleasant than such discussions [differentiating between Christians and Jews]; human beings are basically all brothers, despite differences of religion..."

Wagner could not contain himself and replied to his royal friend and passionate supporter: "Your judgement of these people I

can only explain to myself in that they do not intrude into the royal sphere: they are an abstract term, while for us they are an experience. That I am friendly, full of sympathy and pity (I-Y.B.) for some of these people, is only possible together with the declaration that I consider the Jewish race to be the born enemy of pure humanity and all its good; that, particularly, we Germans will see our destruction through them. Perhaps I am the last German to hold himself upright as an artist against the already dominating Judaism..."

THE INCIDENT with Hermann Levy leads me to the attraction Wagner has for Jewish music-lovers and musicians, an attraction which has often proved fatal. Not only Levy, but Joseph Rubinstein, a most promising young musician, Karl Tuusig, a brilliant pianist, and Karl Weininger all committed suicide because of their Jewish-German identity dilemma. Many outstanding personalities, like the philosopher Ernst Bloch, Hans Mayer and other men of letters and musicians, refused to identify the man with his work.

True, after 1951, Wagner's grandson, Wolfgang, tried to break away from tradition and too close identification with the Nazi past. French conductors and stage producers (Houlez and Chereau) were invited to Bayreuth. Daniel Barenboim was asked to conduct *Tristan*, and this summer George Solli conducted the *Ring* (Sir Peter Hall was booted off the stage for his production).

In an interview with *Der Spiegel*, Solli was asked by the (German) reporter if all that Bayreuth stands for did not bother him. His answer: "I don't read his pamphlets, I don't acknowledge his *Rassenhass* (race hate); perhaps you can call it an ostrich attitude. Perhaps, I sometimes close both my eyes, otherwise I could not conduct Wagner."

ZELINSKY'S research earned him the epithet "neurotically obsessed" from Prof. Peter Wapnevski, rector of the Institute for Advanced Studies in Berlin, when he recently lectured at Jerusalem's Van Leer Institute on "Wagner and the 19th Century." (He has written three learned books on the composer and, although he is actually a professor of German medieval literature, he knows his music and his Wagner inside out.)

Despite twice using the word "monster" to describe Wagner's personality, perhaps only to appease our audience, Zelinsky's talk did not disclose anything new in attitude or approach. Although brilliantly delivered, the lecture left no convincing impression on his listeners. One got the feeling that he was used to talking to German audiences who are prepared to love their Wagner anyway, and do not want to be bothered with political, theological or philosophical considerations linked to his — and their — past history.

Our own audiences are apparently torn between musical and non-musical considerations. The problem of Wagner is permanently with us. Whenever the musical powers that he decide to break the officially undeclared ban on his music, public reaction ranges from outcries, readers' letters, or, as happened recently at the Mann Auditorium in Tel Aviv, scuffles and demonstrations — always frustrating the attempt.

It all boils down to one crucial question: Can one differentiate between the man and his work? □



Visitors from British Columbia: Elizabeth Gorrie and two of the raggedy stars of "Unicorn."

On the festive fringes

THE FOURTH Israel Fringe Theatre Festival at Acre opens on Saturday night, September 24, and will feature multiple performances of eight plays in three days of competition.

The competition, in the picturesque but stuffy Knights' Halls, is the core of the Festival. But now that the annual event is more or less established, it attracts an array of side-shows, some of them worth seeing.

Groups in the central competition are fewer than last year, but persist in their pre-occupation with social and political themes, according to Yossi Frost of Omani La'am (Art for the People), which produces the event.

Only one of the participating groups — Kokonar, led by Ami Berkman — has participated in previous festivals, and it has consistently favoured experimentation with theatrical forms over "relevance."

Last year, for the first time, there was a huge art exhibition in the Old City, coinciding with the festival. This year, however, the same bazaar space has been let to a commercial enterprise, much to the irritation of the festival organizers.

But there will be a group exhibition in the studio of the late Avshalom Okshie, and a number of dance and music "marathons." Among the dance groups to be represented are Bat Sheva, the Kibbutz troupe, the Tnu-Na Dance Theatre, Kol Ud'mama and Inbal.

A country and blues evening will feature the Tavern, Black Velvet, Blue-White Grass, Julio Glantz (Brazilian) and others.

A mixed-media evening is planned for Sunday with poetry set to music, and readings by Ronnie Someck, Asher Reich and Yona Wollach. The Ramla Dance group will participate, and actors from the Neve Zedek theatre centre will perform excerpts from *Late Divorce*, based on the novel by A.B. Yehoshua.

FOR THE FIRST time there will be some serious attention to the in-

CURTAIN CALL Marsha Pomerantz

terests of the Arab population, which has for the most part been neglected in the past. The neglect is ironic, since most residents of the Old City are Arabs and the festival, however much commercial benefit it might bring the local restaurants, has been a cultural invasion.

This year the Haifa Municipal Theatre is bringing two performances of Athol Fugard's *The Island*, in Arabic. The Beit Gafen theatre, also from Haifa, has two shows for children and one for adults. And some of the narrations for other performances will be done in Arabic as well as Hebrew.

Whether the meanings of "fringe" and "experiment" have gotten lost in all this will have to be discussed, as usual, after the event. Maybe it doesn't matter, and all that counts is getting together in the Gullies for humorous and cotton candy.

A GENTLER sort of cultural invasion: Elizabeth Gorrie and some huge raggedy puppets have come from British Columbia to do a production called *Unicorn* with actors of the Theatre for Children and Youth.

Gorrie, who was invited to do *The Snow Goose* here a few years ago, describes the current project as a "quest story" involving a female unicorn who decides to leave her garden and see if she is indeed the last extant member of the species. She meets such characters as Mama Delusia (the queen of midnight), Schmendrick the magician and King Haggard, who hoards beauty.

Gorrie finds children much more imaginative than adults, who "need things worked out in linear fashion." But at home, where she is the artistic director of the Kaleidoscope Theatre, she sometimes finds more adults than children in the audience. "With

"kids' stuff," she says, "they're more willing to suspend disbelief than if they were going out in the evening." As she spoke, at Beit Hamoreh in Tel Aviv, the actors were doing warm-ups in the next room and chanting in ironic elegy to "Schwartzman," the young music director who, they insist, works them too hard.

Gorrie is "amazed" at the number of dance companies, theatres and symphony orchestras that play to full houses in Israel. She also thinks children's theatre is given a "higher profile" here than in Canada.

In Canada as well as in Israel, children's theatre is often thought of as a stepping stone between school and regular theatre, though that may be changing in Canada because "work for kids there is more innovative than for adults."

In Israel some members of the children's theatre have night jobs in other theatres. That is unheard of in Canada, she says, where there are about 100 contenders for every part. The competition makes for higher skills and greater flexibility. But runs are short there and after three weeks actors are "back out on the street again."

HANOCH LEVIN invaded the blushing hearts of some critics at the Edinburgh theatre festival. The Cumeri Theatre did an English-language version of his play *The Rubber Merchants*, with Yossi Curmon, Zaharira Harifai and Albert Cohen.

The plot: a lady pharmacist no longer young is courted by two gentlemen. One offers her his sincere desire, and the other, the same, plus a huge stock of condoms his father will be to him. No one is willing to risk much, and meanwhile, over a period of 20 years, the condoms dry out and so does everybody else.

It's funny and sad, and suggests that the playwright, despite indications in *The Suffering of Job* and *The Whore of Babylon*, still retains a little love, or at least pity, for us mere humans.

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مكتبة الأصل

WHAT ISRAELIS will see at the Bat-Dor Theatre in Tel Aviv on September 19, 20 and 22 and Americans at the 92nd Street "Y" in New York on October 1 and 2 is now being rehearsed at Mirali Sharon's studio in Tel Aviv.

The suburb, with its beautiful homes, is half an hour's bus ride from Tel Aviv's Central Bus Station but it was worth the journey just to see the lovely gardens and architecturally fine houses.

Eight dancers — three Americans, four Israelis and one new immigrant from the U.S. — let me see excerpts from two of Sharon's works *Phoenix* (music: collage by Yossi Mar-Haim) and *Tehillat* (music: Steve Reich) hence I shall be away during the public performances.

Even in their unstaged, fragmented state, the works had remarkable thrust and potency. Sharon is known for her use of "props." In *Phoenix* she makes dramatic, striking play with great sheets of black plastic and long white tubes to emphasize creation, the emergence of human beings, rebirth and — what is more impressive still — the development of emotion. One's attention is held and feelings become involved through the imaginative build-up of ideas by means of manifold, unexpected movements.

"The metaphors are not realistic. I think I have made something out of the simple material of everyday life — but you can choose from this your own metaphors," says Sharon. I could indeed. When the field of black began to rise from the ground to form what seemed enormous

Multiple metaphors

peaks and pyramids, the effect was almost frightening in its power to suggest upheaval.

Soon, faces emerged and proud beings appeared — one using the "cloak" like a princely cloak, while others moved in rhythmic design, like a chorus or a comment.

In another section, a couple, trussed in the ends of white tubes, gradually came to an awakening of love, encircling each other tenderly with the white plastic. Another couple began free and danced more restlessly and aggressively in a cunningly devised duet, the two dancers outstanding even in this hand-picked company.

IN YET ANOTHER episode, a man (an excellent dancer looking larger than life) was entangled in an immense length of black, struggling, leaping and collapsing — but being raised again by a compassionate figure whose trailing white garment passed over and revived him. With this wide, pliable garment she sheltered him and freed him, the whole dance taking place within the sphere of the cloth. The redeeming figure then remained alone, symbolically caught by the cloth in a highly emotive solo.

"It is a dramatic cycle," explains Sharon, but the impact was so direct, so strong — even in the studio — that it needed no explanation of any kind.

DANCE/Dora Sowden



Tehillat, Sharon's other work for this programme, was totally different in style and character, more subtle in appeal. It began with a lone figure in an attitude of prayer resembling an Eastern image. It went on to a series of dances by the group, recognizably Israeli, though not folk, ethnic, or biblical. Yet it was of the Bible, of the people, of the nation.

The choreographer caught the essence of Israeli life and dance with an originality that owed nothing and yet had absorbed everything. Even a small section was enough to show an extraordinary evocation of the Israeli spirit.

The dancers were Risa Steinberg, William Cratty, Michael Kraus and Jonathan Burston, all from the U.S., and Israelis Yael Faran, Deborah Ascher, Sheila Sultzman and David Rapoport. The Americans were exceptional, yet well matched by the Israelis. Two other Israelis go with the company: Benzion Muntz for lighting, Hanni Vardi as stage manager.

THE BAT-SHEVA Dance Company will appear with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in Tel Aviv from October 26 to November 1. Two works are being specially choreographed — one by Robert Cohan (artistic adviser to the company and still artistic director of the London Contemporary Dance

Company), the other by Israeli Igal Perry, now working mainly in New York.

Cohan has chosen music by Pannofnik. Perry has chosen Ravel. Bat-Sheva goes on tour to the United States on November 12 and will appear in North and South Carolina, Miami, Palm Beach, Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington and Boston. The tour will end with a week in New York (December 6-12) at the Joyce Theatre, where the Bat-Dor Company is having a two-week season from September 19 (with a gala in aid of the Dance Library of Israel), of the nation.

NOT ALL DANCERS and dance teachers from the Soviet Union have gone to other lands. Among those who have come and stayed here is David Shor, who is today one of the ballet masters of the Bat-Dor Dance Company.

Asked whether he had much trouble in leaving Russia, Shor said he waited (with his wife, who is not a dancer) for only three months, but was dismissed from his job as soon as he applied. Then, in an exceptionally frank statement, he said the reason he and his wife got their visas comparatively soon was that there is a great deal of local competition for the top jobs in dance, the pressure on dancers and teachers as they get older being very strong.

Shor had been a leading dancer of the Estonia National Ballet in Tallinn and then become a ballet master there, but there were many candidates for his job. Bat-Dor helped him get established, and he has now been in Israel for three years, likes teaching and feels free.

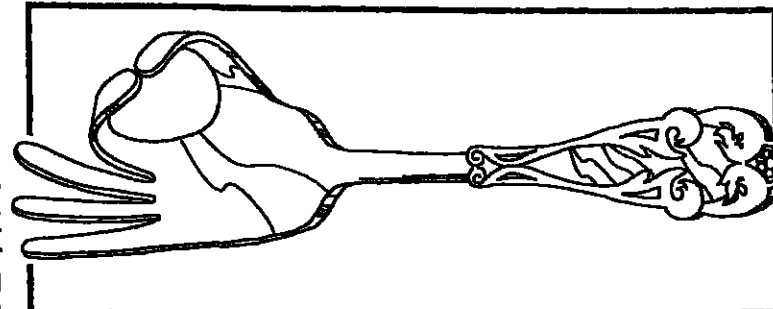
IT IS PERHAPS less than apropos to find a food column in an Erev Yom Kippur paper.

Surely our thoughts are turned to spiritual matters. For one day at least we will forget the material world. But what about the *se'uda mafseket*, the festive meal traditionally eaten before the fast begins?

It is, among Ashkenazi Jews, traditional to eat kreplach at this meal. The little dough-covered packets of chicken, meat or other fillings are said to be symbolic of divine kindness, which we hope will envelop any harsh decree which awaits us.

There was, I admit, some question as to whether kreplach were really a traditional Erev Yom Kippur food. One colleague of mine, well-known for her piety, assured me there was no such custom. Luckily, however, I happened to be looking at *The Spice and Spirit of Kosher-Jewish Cooking*, a cookbook put out by the Lubavitch Women's Organization of the United States, and found that my mother has not been misleading me all these years. Unfortunately, unless you happen

(Pre) FAST FOOD



MATTERS OF TASTE / Haim Shapiro

to be reading this rather early on Friday morning and have the rest of your pre-fast meal ready, now is not the time to begin making kreplach, which take both time and patience. On the other hand, the above cookbook noted that kreplach are also traditional food for Hoshana Raba, the last day of Succot, so you still have time to make them after Yom Kippur.

TO MAKE the kreplach, it is necessary to have a noodle dough, something which is not so easy to prepare, but is made a little easier if you have a food processor, an electric mixer with a dough hook, or a pasta machine. In any case, mix two cups of flour with two eggs and about half a teaspoon of salt. The dough, which will be quite stiff and not so easy to handle, must be

kneaded very well to make it quite pliable and then covered and left to rest for about half an hour.

Using a well-floured surface and a floured rolling pin, roll out the dough as thinly as possible. This is easier said than done, and more than one would-be cook has given up in tears at this point. Just remember that little old ladies 60 and 70 years old made this sort of dough every week.

WHEN THE DOUGH is quite thin (experts say you should be able to read a newspaper through it), let it rest again and prepare the filling. The most common is chicken or meat, but you might also like to try a cheese filling for a dairy meal. Vegetarians might like kasha, potatoes or mushrooms.

For the meat filling, chop a cup of cooked meat or chicken and mix it with a chopped, fried onion. If you like, you can add an egg and some breadcrumbs to increase the bulk and hold it together. For seasoning, if you fancy it, add a pinch of ground ginger.

For potato kreplach, simply mix mashed cooked potatoes with a

fried chopped onion and an egg. The kasha or mushroom kreplach are similarly made, but the former taste better if you fry the kasha with the onion for a minute or two. For cheese kreplach, simply mix a hard white cheese, the kind that looks like a basket, with an egg.

NOW THAT you have the dough and the filling, you can make your kreplach by forming little packets. Cut the dough into squares with a knife or into circles with a large glass.

Place about a teaspoonful of filling on each square or circle. If you have a square, fold it in half diagonally; for circles bring up three edges, to form a triangle. Press the edges together very firmly, making sure they are well sealed. If necessary, wet your forefinger and run it along the edge to help the sealing process.

Drop the kreplach into boiling water or soup. Cover, and simmer for about 20 minutes. If you like, you can deep-fry the kreplach in hot oil until they are golden brown. This variety is not suitable, however, for Erev Yom Kippur.

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Sunday, September 18th at 6 pm and 8.30 pm.
Monday, Sept. 19th at 6 pm and 8.30 pm.
The film is in English with Hebrew and French subtitles.
Admission fees: IS 120, IS 90 for Members of Friends Association.
Courtesy of Bank Leumi le-Israel.
Events
— "The Jewish Agricultural Experience in the Diaspora" — exhibition opening.
The opening ceremony will take place at 7.30 pm and be followed by a symposium at 8.30 pm on the subject: "Agricultural Settlement as Solution to the Jewish Problem".
Participants: Mr. Chaim Avni, Prof. Matityahu Minc, Prof. Mordechai Altschuler, Dr. Isaac Ben-Ami, Moderator: Arie (Lova) Eliaz.
Tuesday, September 20, 1983.
Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (gate 2), Klausner Street, Ramat Aviv, Tel. 03-425181.
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A COUPLE of weeks ago, we wrote about the "Rule of Fourteen" — a simple way, defined by George Rosenkranz of Mexico City, to determine how many high-card points partner has when the opponents arrive at three no-trump after a limited auction. According to Rosenkranz, all you have to do is subtract the number of points you have from 14, to arrive at a pretty good estimate of what you can expect partner to have.

Our first deal comes from the Mixed Pairs event at the just-concluded weekend tournament, run by the Kfar Maccabiah branch of the Israel Bridge Federation at the Jerusalem Hilton. The Mixed Pairs is notorious for producing comedies of errors, and this hand certainly qualifies. But it was not at all funny for the lady sitting in the West seat.

North, her left-hand opponent, was the dealer. He opened one club. East passed, and South bid two no-trump. Despite her 15 high-card points, it was clear to West that she had nowhere to go except into trouble, so she passed. North hesitated only a moment (after all, it was the mixed pairs) before going on to the no-trump game.

What was West to lead? Partner certainly had no points, since the Rule of 14 allotted him an estimated minus one. North's club opener made it dangerous to make the normal club lead; that might well give up a vital trick. Next best seemed to be the classic "fourth from your longest and strongest," so West led the spade five, to dummy's four, partner's ten and declarer's queen.

Let's stop for a second to look at West's hand and the dummy, which had just come down:

North
♠ A 4
♥ 9 8 2
♦ K J 9 3
♣ A 5 4

West
♠ K 9 8 5
♥ A Q J
♦ Q 10
♣ J 9 6

South now played the ace of diamonds and a small diamond towards the king, and could not help but be pleased to see that the queen-ten had fallen, to establish her suit. Now dummy's jack was cashed, all others following, and West had to make her first discard. She chose a spade.

When the nine of diamonds was cashed, East followed suit. South

The rule of minus one

BRIDGE/Hanan Sher

discarded a spade, and West had to pitch another card. She chose a club! Now South played a small club from dummy, covering East seven with her eight. The trick was won by West's nine, and she played a small spade to dummy's ace.

The ace of clubs was cashed, and a small club was played to the king. On cashing her last club, South had her nine tricks.

Here's the full hand:

North
♠ A 4
♥ 9 8 2
♦ K J 9 3
♣ A 5 4

West
♠ K 9 8 5
♥ A Q J
♦ Q 10
♣ J 9 6

East
♠ J 10 7 3
♥ 10 5 4 3
♦ 8 7 6 5
♣ 7

South
♠ Q 6 2
♥ K 7 6
♦ A 4 2
♣ K 10 8 2

BUT IT MADE little difference. South had made game on 24 points, a wholly undeserved prize in which her own mistakes were compensated for by a series of West's errors. Look at all the mistakes, one by one.

□ The contract. North had only a minimum opening; his rise to game was certainly the height of optimism. Partner's two no-trump response asked him to bid game; if he had something extra. He didn't, but went on to game anyway. An arrogant display of confidence.

□ North's opening bid. In the Acol system of natural bidding, it is normally better to bid the higher of two touching suits. In this case, North would have forced himself to bid one no-trump if he had gotten the expected spade response, although he had no semblance of a heart stopper, instead of a preferable two clubs in an auction proceeding 10-14-24.

□ South's spade discard on the fourth diamond. West obviously had four spades, perhaps even five. The only holding which West could fear in the South hand was the queen-jack. By discarding a spade at Trick Five, South made it clear to West that she had been dealt only three spades.

□ West's club discard on the fourth diamond. South obviously needed tricks in the club suit. By discarding a club, West was giving up her second stopper in that suit. Seeing

that South had only three spades, she should have discarded a heart. If South had three spades, partner had four to the jack, in which case the nine of spades would be an entry to the East hand.

□ West's return of the spade nine when she won the club. The spade king, to "unblock" the suit, is the only proper play, even if South had spades originally.

LET'S GO BACK once more to review the proper defence. West should discard a spade and a heart on the third and fourth diamonds. On winning her first club trick, she should play the king of spades to force an entry to partner's hand. Then her side will make five tricks — two spades, two clubs and a heart (or one spade, two clubs, and two hearts) to administer a well-deserved one-trick punishment on their impudent opponents.

OUR SECOND deal comes from the same Jerusalem Hilton tournament, this time out of the teams-of-four event. It is a good example of declarer play with a 4-3 "Moyseian" trump fit, so named in honour of the late editor of the U.S. *Bridge World*, Alphonse (Sonny) Moyse, a specialist in seven-card trump suits.

A word about the bidding. In the second round, North chose to show his three-card heart support rather than his five-card diamond suit. And South, although he knew that partner might — or might not — have only three trumps, could do little but go on to game.

North
♠ 5
♥ Q 8 6
♦ A Q 10 9 3
♣ K Q 5 4

West
♠ A Q 10 8 6 3
♥ K 5
♦ 8 6 2
♣ J 2

East
♠ K 4 2
♥ J 10 4 2
♦ 5 4
♣ 10 9 7 3

South
♠ J 9 7
♥ A 9 7 5
♦ K 1 7
♣ A 8 6

The bidding:
North 10 2NT 40
West 14 Pass 30
North 24 Pass 30
East 30 Pass 40

The opening lead was the club jack, won by the ace in declarer's

hand. South could see plenty of tricks available, in the form of five diamonds, three clubs, and some trump tricks. But on this kind of hand, it is better to count losers than winners, and South had one loser in spades and as many as three potential losers in hearts. And what's more, he had to be careful how he handled the trumps; he couldn't draw dummy's last trump too soon and leave himself with three spade losers. Trick Two was a small heart towards dummy's queen. West hesitated for a moment, then rose with the king. He returned the deuce of clubs to dummy's queen.

The queen of hearts was cashed next, both following, and South had reached the crucial juncture in his play of the hand. If the hearts were 3-3, all he had to do was cash the ace to come to at least 11 tricks from five diamonds, three hearts and at least three clubs. (If the hearts and the clubs both divided evenly, he'd make 12 tricks.)

But there were two other factors to take into account. One was the substance of West's opening bid. He had already shown up with the king of hearts, and certainly had most of the 14 points missing from the North-South hand. The second was that if the hearts were not 3-3, to cash the ace would mean certain defeat, losing three spades and two hearts.

SO SOUTH set about counting West's hand, both in high-card strength and in distribution. West had shown up with two hearts and two clubs. He certainly had at least five spades. What were the other four cards?

In his search for clues, South tried to assess the distribution of the high cards. West had bid spades, but he had not led them at two opportunities. Why? Because he was missing one of the top three spade honours, and it was probably the king. He'd heard South's two no-trump call (made to indicate a minimum hand, and not necessarily to show a spade control) and was afraid that a lead of that suit would give up a trick. He therefore didn't have the ace-king, or the king-queen, in which case it might still be safe to start with a spade.

If West had only 10 points from the spade ace-queen, the heart king and the club jack, he was unlikely to have too many "quick" heart losers, and also probably had more "developable" spades. Which put his projected distribution at 6-2-3-2, and meant that the hearts had not divided.

Why not test the theoretical count right now, by playing a diamond or two? There was no compelling reason, so a small diamond was led towards the closed hand. East played the five and West the deuce under South's king. It seemed that East was starting a "pet" to indicate a doubleton, and that West had played the deuce as the start of a conventional up-the-line signal for three in the suit.

These inferences added substance to South's original projection of the distribution, so he continued with another diamond, on which West played the six and East the four-spot.

THE DECISION could be delayed no longer. South, who knew he could be red-faced if East ruffed the next diamond and returned a club for West to ruff, was determined to stick by his analysis. He led a diamond.

East did ruff, but the defence was stymied. A club return could be won in dummy and the high diamonds run through East's trump. If he ruffed, South would overruff and play a spade, losing two hearts and a spade. But he'd then be able to ruff the second spade with dummy's remaining trump, and cash the last diamond for a spade discard. And if he didn't ruff, South would discard two spades on the two high diamonds for the same result.

Nor would a heart or spade return help. In the first case, South would win the ace and enter dummy with the high club to cash the two diamonds. In the latter West, with only spades left, could win the first spade but would have to provide South with a ruffing entry at the next trick. So the contract was made.

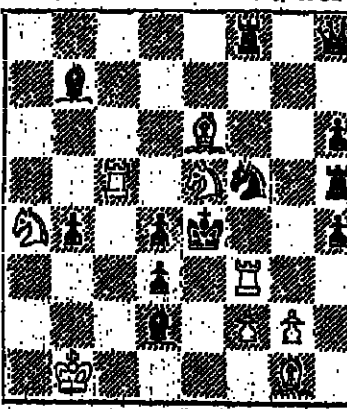
AT THE OTHER table, North was one down in five diamonds, losing one heart, one spade and one club. We might note that the diamond game can also be made, via a squeeze. After a spade lead (likely from the East suit), the play would likely go as follows: spade won by East or West, and a spade return ruffed by North. Diamond to South's king, and small heart towards the queen. West wins and returns a second spade (no other return helps). Now North ruffs and draws. In the process, he has already squeezed East, but nobody has yet noticed. Now one of the two "rounded" suits has been established for 11 tricks.

As a matter of fact, the play is so automatic that it is difficult to understand how North went down in five diamonds. But to his chagrin, and that of his teammates, he did.

CHESS

Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3138
A. KUZOVKOV, USSR
1st prize, Chess in USSR, 1982



White mates in four (9-12)
SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3136 (Cluzar), 1. Qf8! Zugzwang: 1.-Ke5

2.Qc5 Ke4 3.f3x: 1.-Ke4 2.Kc6 Kd4 3.Qb4x: 1.-Kg5 2.Qb4 Kh5 3.Qh4x: 1.-Kg4 2.Qh6.

BERLIN 1983
AS REPORTED in our column of July 22, Israeli players did well in the huge Berlin international. Here are two fine games won by Israeli players:

MUREY
1.e4 Nf6 2.Nc3 c5 3.Nf3 b6 4.e4 d6 5.d4 c4 6.Nd4 Bb7 7.Nd5 e5 8.Nf6 g6 9.Bd3 Nd7 10.0-0 h5 11.Bc2 g6 12.Be3 Qc7 13.Rc1 Ke7 14.f4 Bb6 15.b4 Rg8 16.Qd3! f5 17.Qa3! Nf6 18.e5 Nc4 19.c6 Bb8 20.Bc4 f4 21.b5 a5 22.Nb5 e5 23.Nd2 Bh3 24.f5! Bc3 25.Qc3 Bg2 26.Rf2 Bh3 27.Kh1 Bc6 28.Nc4 d5 29.Rd1! f5 30.Qa3 Kf7 31.Nd6 Kf6 32.Nf5 Rg4 33.Nd4! Black resigns.

SUBA
1.d4 Nf6 2.e4 g6 3.Nc3 d5 4.e3 Bg7 5.Qb3 c6 6.Nh3 0-0 7.c5 Nd5 8.Nd5 Qd5 9.Qd5 c5 10.Nf4 Rb8 11.Be2 Nc6 12.Bd2 c5 13.de5 Be5

14.Nd3 Bg7 15.0-0 Bf5 16.g4 Bd3 17.Bd3 Ne5 18.Be2 Nd4 19.Bc3 Be3 20.Be3 Rac8 21.Rf1 Nb6 22.a4 Re3 23.a5 Nc4 24.Bf3 d4 25.Bb7 d3! 26.Kg2 Re2 27.Kg3 Nb2 28.Rdb1 d2 29.Be4 Re4 30.Bf3 Ra4! 31.Ra4 Nc4 32.a6 Ne3 33.Rb7 d1 Q4 Bd1! Rd1 35.Ra7 Ra1 36.f4 Nd5 37.f5! g5 38.g5 Kf7 39.e4 Ra3 40.Kg2 Nb4 41.c5 Ra6 42.Rb7 Nd3 43.e6 Ne5 44.Kg3 Kf6 45.Kh4 f6 46.f6 Ng6! 47.Kg3 Ne7 48.Kg4 Re6 49.Kh5 Kf7 50.Kg5 Rg6 51.Kf4 Re6 52.Kg5 Re2. White resigns.

CHANDLER, SAX WIN OHRA
IN THE 11-round OHRA Chess Festival, held July 15-28 in Amsterdam, Hungarian GM Gyula Sax and English IM Murray Chandler tied for first with 8 points. Chandler, who made his final GM norm, will most likely receive his Grandmaster title when the FIDE council meets this fall. Dutch GM Jan Timman and Czech Vlastimil Hort tied for third place with 7½ points, while Nigel Short of England made his se-

cond GM norm by tying fifth with Paul van Sterren (Netherlands) at 7 points. Rini Kuifj was by himself with 6½, while clustered at 6 points were Henley, van der Wiel, Seirawan, Ree and Lobron, followed by a large group at 5½.

MILES, NUNN TIE IN SWISS FESTIVAL
AT THE 16th International Chess Festival held July 17-30 at Biel, Switzerland, GMs Anthony Miles and John Nunn of England tied for first with scores of 8-3. Hungarian Andras Adorjan was third, with 7 points, followed by Rumanian Florin Gheorghiu at 6½, and Mark Hebden of England and Stefan Kindermann of W. Germany at 5½. Some 200 players participated in the Masters' section, won by Sweden's Esoln with 8½ points out of 11 games. Moshe Czerniak, 73, was in the group of players which garnered 6½ points. Mordechai Panzias was in the group of 6 points, and 18-year-old Rami Sofer among those

who scored 5½ points.

SOVIET TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
KARPOV BELIAVSKY
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 Nc6 3.Bc4 Nf6 4.Ng5 Bc5 5.Bf7 Kc7 6.Bd5 d6 7.e3 Qe8 8.d4 e4 9.cd4 Nd4 10.Nc3 Qh5 11.Qd3 Rf8 12.b4 Bb6 13.Na4 Nc6 14.Nb6 ab6 15.Qc3 h6 16.N3 Bg4 17.Bc6 h6 18.Nd2 Qb5 19.f3 Bc6 20.a3 Rf7 21.Bb2 Kf8 22.Qc2 Re8 23.Rc1 c5 24.a4 Qa6 25.b5 Qa8 26.0-0 d5 27.ed5 Qd5 28.Qc3 Qc5 29.Ne4 Ne4 30.f4 Kc8 31.Rf7 Bf7 32.Rc1 Rd8 33.Bc1 Qh4 34.Bb2 Qc5. Draw.

EUROPEAN TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP
IVANOVIC ERMENKOV (Yugoslavia) (Bulgaria)
1.e4 e5 2.Nf3 d6 3.d4 cd4 4.Nd4 e6 5.c4 Nf6 6.Nc3 a6 7.Bd3 Be7 8.0-0 0-0 9.Qc2 b6 10.b3 Bb7 11.Bb2 Ne6 12.Nc6 Bc6 13.Ra1 Qb8 14.a3 Rb8 15.f4 Nd7 16.Nd5! Bf8 17.Rf3 Re8 18.Rh3 g6 19.Qg4 Qd8 20.Rf1 Bg7 21.Bg7 Kf7 22.f5 e5 23.e5 Bd5 24.Rh7 Kh7 25.fg6 Kh6 26.Qh3. Black resigns.

Bob Hoskins, centre, is a convincing racketeer in "The Long Good Friday."

Super thug, super joke

CINEMA/ Dan Fainaru

AFTER YEARS of showing how good they were at making tough, tense thrillers for television, the British have finally graduated to the big screen. Indeed, *The Long Good Friday* fulfills all the promises of TV series such as *The Sweeney*. It is rough, nasty, vicious, uncompromising, a violent crime yarn as action-packed as the best of the American crop. Which, professionally at least, is the highest praise one can award in this department.

This John MacKenzie number has the impact of a locomotive chugging ahead, crushing everything under it pitilessly, leaving the audience limp and exhausted. And if his American opposite numbers might have tried to sweeten the pill by adding some slick glamour, MacKenzie makes no compromises. He works at painting crime ugly, drenched in blood and brutality, unredeemable in any way. He even denies it the new-old advantage of paying in the end, for in a final plot twist, he pits it against an evil even more formidable and difficult to overcome, terrorism. Even crime appears orderly and understandable, and therefore an opponent you might attempt at least to subdue, compared with the total anarchy and facelessness of terror.

Harold Shand, a racketeer who rules over the London crime world, is the hero of Barry Keefe's script, if indeed hero he is. As the story begins, he is about to sign a lucrative contract with the American mafia. In order to get his counterparts from across the Atlan-

tic to sign, he has to convince them that he is indeed the British reincarnation of Little Caesar, in absolute control of his territory.

But as he wines and dines his suspiciously cool guests with the unaccountably penetrating glances and wide open ears, Harold Shand's whole empire starts to crumble. One by one his close associates are eliminated; his driver is killed on his mother's doorstep, his properties are blown up, not one part of his realm seems to be protected from nuyhem. The worst of it is that Shand doesn't have the slightest suspicion who is behind it all. He gathers his henchmen around him and launches on a bloody trail of investigation, the kind that dispenses with niceties and clever detection and works with iron bars, blowtorches and thumbscrews. In a memorable scene, he collects all the underworld princelings together and, hoping to get some information out of them, hangs them on hooks, head down, and beats them to a pulp.

In the course of his search he stumbles on some minions who are trying to get a bigger share of the cake and on crooked politicians falling into traps they have engineered themselves. All this, however, doesn't lead to a solution until, too late in the game, Shand discovers that, unintentionally, he has crossed swords with the Irish underground. And this is his undoing, for no argument he might use, no threat with which he is familiar, can make any impression on terrorists. Incidental-

ly, the IRA is very much a faceless entity all through the film, and all the more formidable for that.

MUCH OF THIS epic demise of a crime shark depends on the personality of the actor playing the lead, and Bob Hoskins seems to have been born for it. He acts the part of Harold Shand with the ruthlessness of a jungle predator, in a state of perpetual anger. His square jaw, his stocky, powerful stature, his quicksilver reactions and the single-minded determination of his features, all seem to fit in perfectly with the part, which he endows with the authority of a latter-day Edward G. Robinson.

This should not detract from the achievement of director MacKenzie, who keeps the story moving at top speed, with the inexorability of a classic tragedy, makes his points adroitly by sharp editing, and doesn't allow the audience a moment's respite. He is served by a remarkable cast, which includes one of London's leading actresses, Helen Mirren (playing Shand's moll) and Eddie Constantine, as the mafia ambassador who slinks off as trouble starts, a spectator who doesn't even dream of participating in a fight that is not strictly his.

As for the dialogue, a warning is in order here. The peculiar mixture of cockney and other slang is certainly colourful, but not always very intelligible. Professor Higgins might have enjoyed it, but several English-speaking reviewers have already suggested that subtitles might help.

NOT CONTENT with this cavalier

approach to the mythical hero's acts of bravery, Lester actually describes a future world in which Superman is a quite unexceptional figure. Children and grown-ups are accustomed to his coming to the rescue, to meeting him whenever mischief is around, and they refer to him as if he were another media hero. Who would ever have imagined Superman submitting to a press conference, placidly and smilingly receiving the keys to a city, and so on? After this, he might as well run for president of the United States in the next film. No one would be surprised, for isn't this what all media heroes aspire to?

If Christopher Reeve keeps a straight face through all this, no one could blame his foe here, Richard Pryor, for doing the same. Pryor, the highest paid comic in America today, plays a black youngster whose magic fingers can coerce computers to deliver every secret they have and perform any feat that may come to his mind. A billionaire who craves for more power and property (Robert Vaughn at his most amusingly villainous) takes the boy under his wing and exploits his talents until Superman puts an end to their nefarious activities.

Whether all this is worth many, many millions of dollars is an irrelevant question which only the world's box offices will eventually answer. For the kids, it will certainly be a nice experience. Grown-ups will enjoy it only as long as they bear in mind that it is all a big, fat joke.

NOT CONTENT with this cavalier

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Carful?? — Careful!!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

הכרזה מן האסל



Zigi Ben Haim: "Parade of the Fallen", Tel Hai '83.

Hai, hai, Tel Hai hai

Ilan Nahshon

THE THOUSANDS of Israelis who flocked to the Tel Hai '83 Art Happening last week are the best proof that the plastic arts can, under certain conditions, still exert a powerful attraction.

The beautiful Israelis came from every corner of the land to wander the Galilean hills studded with art works. They celebrated art for four consecutive days and slept in sleeping bags on the huge lawn that stretches out below the historic courtyard where the dying Trumpeldor murmured that it was good to die for one's country.

For better or worse, the Tel Hai happening is now firmly on the Israeli art map, a happening that offers an alternative to the established framework of museums, as well as offering a meeting ground for the artists themselves.

While the Director of the Israel Museum, Dr. Martin Weyl, was trying in vain to persuade cabinet ministers to place a few coins in the empty coffers of the museum, the bulldozers were moving huge boulders at Tel Hai. In the forges and carpentry shops of surrounding kibbutzim, dozens of volunteers were helping out some 50 artists invited to the happening. The kibbutzim of the North, the godfathers of the project, are a lever of unprecedented strength — and weakness.

Tel Hai '83 was an authentic art occasion with an authentic local flavour. Visiting artists like Dennis Oppenheim and Anish Kapoor offer hope that future Tel Hai events may be turned into something of established international stature. But they did not free the happening from the new Tel Hai complex; good to die for one's country, bad to die in Lebanon.

THEN again, the visitor looking for the new art of the Eighties was disappointed: forced to go back a generation... or wait for the next Documenta at Kassel. But those looking for a local connection found an inflation of kibbutz artists whose work did after all look as though it could not have been made anywhere else and was an in-

separable part of the land and the myths which nurtured their roots. Even Melnikov's great stone roaring lion standing on a nearby hill amidst a parade of cypresses is now part of the historical landscape.

Much of the character of Tel Hai '83 was formed by the meeting of the original initiators of the project, the teachers of the Tel Hai Seminary, with the happening's permanent curator, Amnon Barzel. This was a meeting of the naive with a skilled *askan*, a meeting between those learning to walk and a professional runner, a meeting between men of good will and a human bulldozer who knows how to move mountains. Between them, they made possible the coming together of the imaginary time-machine of America's Dennis Oppenheim and the romanticism of Menashe Kadishman's metal donkeys.

They also cruelly rejected Igaal Tumarkin, one of our better-known environmental sculptors (we have no spare ones) and raised up one Zadok Ben Dor, scion of a family of Yeminite jewellers, who does well in London (Ben Dor made a mythical cypress formed of rings of wood).

Barzel is an old fox who knows all the rules of the game of art politics, the pressures, the preferences, the insights and the mess-ups; the gift horses and the real horses; Tel Hai '83 was his, more than ever before, for better or worse, but including the informal atmosphere, the meetings between veterans and neophytes, in the company too of Israelis from New York like Joshua Neustein and Buky Schwartz; all against a background of original effort, so different from the usual museum activity, to place sculpture in the landscape on a grand scale.

IN THE shadow of the courage of Trumpeldor on the one hand and the withdrawal from the Shouf on the other, Tel Hai '83 turned into a mighty and even obsessive anti-war demonstration. This united the heroic with the pathetic, all of which seems to sit well with the surrounding hills.

On Tel Aviv's Rehov, Gordon such works might evoke a merely indulgent smile. Thus Ivan Schwabel from Jerusalem made a white wall



Dennis Oppenheim: "Time Machine", Tel Hai '83.

opposite the roaring lion and painted it with a vision of Trumpeldor in Galilee; while Dov Or-Nir, from Kibbutz Hazor, made an IAF Kfir out of olive branches, with a model of the bomb dropped on Nagasaki.

Zigi Ben Haim (New York) created Trumpeldor and his comrades from cement, jute and polyester — in lively colours. Despite their being set on the "Trail of Blood" of the defenders of Tel Hai, they looked more as though they had been lifted from a children's book.

David Frommer also made a synthetic box set in the natural surroundings; he sees war as an electronic TV game, complete with a new language. His hero is also the victim, motivated solely by an electronic *golem* that has overpowered its inventor.

Others went further back, into the myths of prehistory and historic roots as perceived through archaeology. Dalia Meiri was the first to corner the field of lost rite and local materials set in the landscape. Two years ago at Tel Hai she wrapped olive trees in lumps of basalt by now they look part of the landscape.

[This time her place has been taken by David Fein of Maayan Buruch, who constructed an arid of giant basalt rocks, an echo of the

Micha Ulman: "The Sky", Tel Hai '83.

Photo by Avraham Hay

shelter, with narrow windows painted with photo-realist fields.

The works of greatest quality and which most touched upon the meaning of our existence here, were by a trio who play a leading role in the art life of Israel. The agonized cry of Moshe Gershuni was accompanied here by a plea for forgiveness, in a series of expressionist paintings filled with nuances. Then, in contrast, came the amiable mystery and cheerful smile of Michael Druks (London) who used a slide show to give us a self-portrait of the artist setting out with a suitcase full of local values: mother, home, flag. Then Micha Ulman of Ramat Hasharon, one of our leading environmental sculptors, outstanding in his ability to get across the essence of things without falling into clichés, continues to deal with defensive positions, though this time above ground, suspended between two rocks like something blustered out of use.

Works of no less quality were exhibited by another trio, who offer a language almost completely free of myth. Two are linked with the world of living things, Anish Kapoor, an Indian from London, built a suspended snail-like form dusted with pigment and evoking an exotic flower. Nahum Tevet offered one of his minimalist structures of wooden slats from the Narcissus series, which deals with spatial illusions and linear echoes. The third of the trio, Ilan Auerbach (New York) makes illusions of weight and weightlessness from tree trunks and "floating" stones.

TEL HAI '83 will also be remembered for its electronic music, by Yossi Mar Haim, Steve Horenstein and Yehuda Halevi, who experimented with sound in the landscape. A living sculpture on the traumatic theme was provided by Adina Bar-On, but while well done, her performance was over-long and repetitious.

The crowds have left. The sculptures remain. Raffi Lavie, with characteristic bile, calls them twigs of the landscape. I would prefer to call them twigs of the Establishment's collective bottom.

Jochen Gerz, a German working in Paris, placed, opposite a David's sling, the stone hurled from it, symbol of the accomplishment of the seemingly impossible. Ophira Barak of Gonen, who lost a son in Lebanon built something resembling a room

Translated by Meir Ronnen. By courtesy of Yediot Aharonot.

Failing to find a way

Gil Goldfine

RODNEY RIPPIN is an established painter among an extended group of young, New Wave American expressionists. His record of exhibitions since 1977 is nearly as impressive as the comprehensive bibliography covering his career recently published in a catalogue for a solo show at the prestigious Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute in Utica, New York.

Whatever the basis might be for Rippin's achievements as a colourist, symbolist or figurative painter one would imagine (and hope) that it rests on a great deal more than the sources and abilities used for the black mixed-media drawings on grey rag paper currently being offered in Tel Aviv.

Rippin's figurative images and notions of figures derived from biomorphic forms fall into a visual pool that can be described as being anti-aesthetic and deliberately reactionary, a nihilistic characteristic developed over several decades from abstract expressionism to the Chicago Monster school and the current "permissive" interpretation, which allows an artist to express himself at any cost provided the work fits the critical jargon of "established" styles. Rippin has attached himself to a trend that worships the crass impulse and forcefully unrelated objects, a sort of credo that marries mannered linear compositions to a provocative use of textual material of abstract signs and images. It is a quality that is internalized to the point of being self-indulgent.

Rippin might be a good, if not very good, painter. But if drawing reflects an artist's soul, this first introduction is a bad one. These works on paper are arrogant assumptions that carry little to back up the credentials. Rippin's figures only wrestle with themselves, trying to unravel limbs and bodies from the tangle of line and black smudges. An art scene in an ominous vacuum is still looking for a stable, positive alternative. (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Gilson, Tel Aviv.) Till Sept. 26.

RUTH MANDEL'S new oils on canvas and mixed-media works on paper are lyrical expressions of a recent, extended Venetian experience. Mandel's vivid chromatic scale is not matched by surprising or interesting subject matter; nor is it made boring by romantic gondolas and baroque pediments. In fact, Mandel's traditional frontal approach to figures in interiors interferes with the lurid quality of pigment and pattern. At her best, she weaves large anatomical forms into montaged fabric designs. Architectural facades and animal sculptures often reach a compositional crescendo of line, form and colour. The one looming negative aspect is Mandel's inability to draw very well; and all attempts to clarify or describe figurative details are decorated by patterned trills, scribbled contours or fields of abstract "cover-ups." A sad note for someone who is finding a way with colour and motifs. (Tel Aviv Gallery, 1 Gordon, Tel Aviv.) Till Sept. 27.

MICHELLE KREMERMAN, a re-



Shimon Avni: "Run For Your Life" (Radius Gallery, T.A.).

cent graduate of the School of Visual Arts (New York) combines still and video photography to produce "Party Time," a series of colour bromides documenting a pop, rock or jazz festival in which live people crouching mannequins are the main players. The figures swim in ultra magentas, violets, yellows and acidic greens. The use of overlapping transparencies and out-of-focus edges adds to the theme and credibility of time and place. The obvious destruction and dismemberment of the "dummies" is camouflaged by the colour and natural gestures of the real people. One question remains: why not screen the video? (White Gallery, 4 Habimah Sq., Tel Aviv.) Till Oct. 1.

"SHIMON AVNI INVITES" is a mixed bag of traditional painting, orthodox installation-conceptual art and accepted norms for environmental sculpture.

Of the five artists Drora Domini comes across as the most inventive, a quality supported by sound design and craftsmanship. Domini's small wall-sculptures are monumental in proportion and composition. Size is merely a function of place and material. Planes and solids are flanked by air and compressed into tight little configurations. Volumes flare into space without losing identity or empathy with the whole. The simplicity of each unit comes from Domini's thoughtful planning and arrangement of the parts. These angular abstract configurations are like mechanical gargoyles, related simultaneously to emotional and mathematical conditioning.

Ya'akov Hefetz's environmental sculpture is a large, single unit, a truncated pyramid constructed of steel sheets, wooden beams running up the edges and a large boulder at each corner. Having lopped off the top storeys of the pyramid, Hefetz creates a mysterious presence, for one sees the interior as a black void, without being tall enough to be fully aware of its contents. Curiosity, however, lasts only a second or two.

Ruth Katz has created an "atmospheric" installation related to socio-geographic memorabilia, using a water trough, steel book-end shapes, a broken garden implement, a metal basket and a painted splash backdrop. Except for its orderliness and accompanied sound track, Katz's unit is neither unique nor stirring, the kind of "concept-object" we have seen in and out of galleries for the past ten years.

Neomi Simon-Tov has decorated two dozen or more paper panels and has stacked them up into one gigantic, repetitive, mural. Most of her pattern-oriented drawing seems to be self-propelling, in that one line or shape leads to another, originating from a single source (gestural in-

ter) without critical analysis of one element in relation to the next. This graphic symbolic illustration is filled with imaginary romance — and artistic anarchy. Simon-Tov's mumbo-jumbo epic is also supported by three wrought-iron forms.

Shimon Avni is a seasoned painter. His Muybridge-inspired marathon runner clicks off the timed gestures as he races below metres of lyrically painted trees and above a static geometric floor band of white, brown and green. The actual work is handled with skill. The wider view, or message, evades the viewer. (Radius Gallery, Dizengoff Center, Tel Aviv.) Till Sept. 27.

Wilted flowers

WHAT MIGHT hopefully be described as the Jerusalem Artists Association's *Salon d'Automne* is a huge nondescript exhibition entitled "The Flower Show." Sadly, there are few works in it that I would care to exchange for a bowl of real flowers, or even plastic ones for that matter. There is only one painting that truly combines representation with poetry of colour and it was made half a century ago by the late Yoel Tene.

A few other deceased veterans are represented too, like Ludwig Blum and Shmuel Harari.

Flowers are only incidental to some of the works. Others are good paintings without being really representational, notably the charming watercolours of Louise Schatz; Rivka Shalev and Piri Yarden try, not unsuccessfully, to bridge the gap. Rony Alwels manages to go beyond the banal representation too. Then, on the other hand, you have the incredibly skilled but over-literal watercolour by Aaron April. The most imaginative work is a mysterious (and quite sexual) close up of what might be the innards of a nightshade, or the shades of night, by Sybil Sham. Also of note are some blossoms by Alexander Kopelovitz and paintings to which flowers are almost incidental, by Vera Gutkina and Beba Yanai. (Jerusalem Artists House.) Till Sep. 26.

CORRECTION: in last week's pages on Moritz Oppenheim a depiction of Shavuot was captioned as Succot, while the artist's domicile was once given as Hamburg instead of Frankfurt. These mistakes were corrected on a page that evidently got lost in the press during the rush of early printing on the eve of the New Year.

MEIR RONNEN

Fast break



For those of us with sins to repent, a day of prayer and abstinence allows us to cleanse our souls. Then, it's back to the caloric gorging of junk food for which Israel is renowned.

Yom Kippur is certainly the most solemn day in the Jewish calendar, which is filled with religious and national holidays — each with distinct symbolisms, and special manners of celebration.

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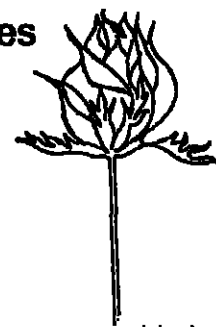
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TEN YEARS after the Yom Kippur War, the country is still in the midst of a kind of interregnum. The war ruthlessly exposed the weaknesses of the Labour Zionist elite in power at the time, thus contributing to its electoral demise four years later. But the party that picked up the reins of power, the Likud, has not yet demonstrated the cohesion, strength and creativity that would make it capable of redirecting and revitalizing the Zionist revolution.

This assessment of the long-term impact of the Yom Kippur War on the political forces that shape the country's destiny was made last week by Prof. Shmuel Noah Eisenstadt, a sociologist at the Hebrew University, in an interview with The Jerusalem Post.

The "revolutionary" nature of Zionism in the course of Jewish history may be a cliché of Zionist fund-raising dinners and congresses, but it is nevertheless a sociological truth that has guided Eisenstadt's scholarly work. The 60-year-old professor won the Israel Prize in 1973 for his leading role in shaping academic sociology in Israel and in winning it a respected international position.

His studies of Israeli society over the last 35 years have guided several generations of students and teachers. He is now completing a book on the development of Zionism and Israel in the context of Jewish history and civilization, entitled *The Transformation of Israeli Society*. Eisenstadt is also known for his work on modernization, political systems and the comparative study of civilizations.

IN EISENSTADT'S broad, comparative vision, Israel originated as a revolutionary society similar to the Soviet Union, Mexico and even the U.S., in that a social movement fired by an ideology took it upon itself to transform an entire nation and bring it into the modern world. In each case this historical transformation was directed by a political movement that put its own stamp on the society emerging under its rule. In Israel, this was the Zionist movement in general and the Labour Zionist movement in particular, which was rooted in Jewish history and tradition even though it rebelled against some of its aspects.

"The period between the Six Day War and the Yom Kippur War," Eisenstadt said, "was marked by renewed economic expansion, self-satisfaction and optimism, despite some criticism here and there casting doubt on the sincerity on the government's efforts for peace. This concealed, however, an ossification of political life and the exhaustion of the ruling Labour Zionist ideology."

Limbo decade Israel now finds itself in the midst of an extended period of transition. The process, accelerated but not initiated by the Yom Kippur War, has not yet resolved itself, says sociologist Shmuel Eisenstadt. He was interviewed this week by CHARLES HOFFMAN.



within the Labour movement hanging on to power and blocking the way to other groups, or not enabling them to participate in the establishment on equal terms. This, too, was significant, since the elite had always legitimated itself in terms of the socialist values of equality and participation.

"The ideological and political impasse that was largely overlaid between 1967 and 1973 by smugness, optimism and seeming strength, was personified by Golda Meir."

Then came the war, the protest movements, the mutual recriminations among some of the leading generals, the Agranat Commission, and eventually the resignations of Golda and defence minister Moshe Dayan.

That war, and the Rabin government that was set up soon afterwards, shook the public's perception of the ruling elite. The trends of ideological exhaustion and internal decomposition probably wouldn't have become visible in such a short time and in such a dramatic way had there not been a military crisis.

tendency since 1965 for young people of all ethnic backgrounds, although more so among the Oriental Jews, to vote for the Likud in ever-increasing numbers, were not limited to the poor in the urban slums, the *chavrutot*. In the 70s these votes came increasingly from Orientalists who had improved their social status but felt that access to the establishment was blocked to them.

"What these groups had in common — the DMC, the young of all ethnic backgrounds, and the socially mobile Orientals — was that they were frustrated by being excluded from the establishment or its inner circles. This exclusion by the old Labour oligarchy stood in glaring contrast to the opening up of political life in all other aspects during the late '60s and early '70s, and to the rising standard of living. That made the exclusion all the more intolerable."

The Labour elite was thus brought down by delegitimation from within and by the disintegration of its distinctive complex of socialist and pioneering values and its special mode of building institutions. This took place, moreover, in an open, democratic society that had been created by this elite — a rather unusual event among post-revolutionary regimes.

THE CHANGE of government in 1977 did not signal the advent of a new ruling elite with its own blueprint for social change and its own approach to institution-building, which had characterized the Labour movement in its heyday. "There was a change in ambience, a greater stress on military power and a more activist stance. But the Likud, that is Begin and Herut, did not devise a new mode for the realization of Zionist goals, even after 1981. In fact, Begin had little feel for the tasks of institution-building. We should also recall that with Dayan and Yigal Hurvitz in leading positions in the first Likud government, this was not a completely new elite. Neither was Ezer Weizman part of the old Herut inner circle."

The electoral contest between the Likud and the Alignment in 1977, despite its far-reaching outcome, was not too different in substance and tone from previous elections. But in 1981, the two parties fought a battle for their place in Jewish history and for the right to direct the continuation of the Zionist revolution. Instead of routine criticism, delegitimation became the order of the day.

THE VACUUM created by the exhaustion of the Labour ideology came to be filled to some extent after the Six Day War by a resurgence of religious feeling and a more open accent on ethnic differences and symbols.

"One of the earlier achievements of Labour Zionism had been to incorporate and reshape various cultural elements in the emerging collective identity of Israelis, such as the centrality of the biblical period in Israeli consciousness. But this capacity had vanished after the Six Day War, when new questions about the stress on Eretz Yisrael in the collective identity began to arise. A militant version combining a stress on religious tradition and Eretz Yisrael was created by Gush Emunim. The Likud and Begin allied themselves with this conception, although they neither created nor controlled it."

"The surge in ethnic consciousness among Oriental Jews after the Six Day War was also

הכרזה מן האצל

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ENGLISH GENTLEMEN have, for the most part, been the product of English public (read private) schools. They have set the pattern for similar schools in the Dominions, notably in Australia and New Zealand. From my own experience I can say that it is somewhat paradoxical that these schools, with their high-minded attitude to the humanist classics and devotion to the ideals of knightly service and chivalry, to belief in the humbleness of all men before their maker and to the virtues of self-denial, cold showers and manly team sports, should have become such hotbeds of sylvan snobbery, sadism and sexual inversion.

Daphne Rue, wife of the Headmaster of Westminster, is herself a product of the system and not a pretty one at that (though she seems attractive enough in her photographs). Mrs. Rue is a humourless prig and a snob who, while expressing reservations about all the uglier aspects of public school life, positively revels in retelling classically apocryphal accounts of them, chiefly of a snobish or sexual nature. It is something of a bad joke that the foreword to her patchy autobiography and account of being a master's wife at Harrow and Funtun, should have been written by that arch prig-cum-voyeur, Lord Longford. His Lordship notes: "Her book is full of *delicious* (my italics) anecdotes."

Daphne evidently finds them delicious too. She regales us with the classic account of the young master's pretty wife who initiated entire batches of 16-year-olds, about a hundred a year, into the delights of heterosexual sex. Her accounts of her own childhood experiences with her Uncle Bob, a G.P. (she was virtually given away in infancy by her mother), are so lurid as to suspend belief. Old Bob was an ugly satyr who nevertheless had one female patient after another while spinning around on his consulting room chair. With the connivance of the maids, Daphne watched from a cupboard in the surgery. At puberty, Uncle Bob surprised her in the bathroom. She kept "very calm," the maids having taught her "exactly what to do." She kneed him and left him for dead.

Daphne's introduction to Harrow was harrowing. She stormed

Snobs and sadists



"Tom Brown's Schooldays." Roasting a fag over a study fire at Rugby.

A WORLD APART by Daphne Rue. Guildford, Lutterworth Press. 178 pp. £8.95.

THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, The Rise and Fall of an Ideal by Philip Mason. London, Andre Deutsch. 240 pp., £9.95.

Meir Ronnen

out of church when asked by a senior wife to move to a junior wife's pew. But she loved the dinner parties ("full evening dress") and the way the senior boys shared their hamper of venison and pheasant with her and her husband. She seems to have thought it perfectly all right for the Dockers to have given the school a fleet of Danlers so that the boys could learn to drive the right type of car; and was delighted because a cricket match was umpired by an Air Chief Marshal. She offers the texts of

Harrow's dreadful school songs and maudlin accounts of how Old Boys return to sing them with tears in their eyes. The most interesting snippet to emerge is that, until the mid-Sixties at least, there was a *numerus clausus* for Jews at Harrow.

She is hard on other masters. By her account they are a deviate, sychophantic lot, sucking up to rich or obsequious boys; one of them smeared her car with cow pats, to admiring laughter from the young Harrovians. Now the Mrs. Head of Westminster, she is safe from such treatment, but tinged with melancholy at the somewhat lonely summit. But then, Daphne is full of contradictions. There is not only her ambivalent fascination with sex (she does have a large family of her own too) but her ambivalent fascination with the system of which she is a part. She speaks lovingly of the "smarter regiments," but once hid her husband's Sam Browne belt in a dustbin because, being a righteous pacifist, she could not

bear seeing him in uniform at Cadet Corps parades.

Daphne Rue is not a freak. She is a fairly typical member of a system which perpetuates privilege and nurtures eccentricities. They assume the attributes of gentlemen and women, but many of them are pretty awful people. But then, perhaps the percentage of such people in other classes is no different either. It is simply that the British upper classes have all their mores so distinctly defined for them. Such definitions are the last remnants of true feudalism.

PHILIP MASON'S entertaining book is a rather more serious affair. It had the bad publishing luck to follow on Mark Girouard's recent *Return To Camelot* (remarkable how the trade seems to spawn similar books at certain times). Mason's book is different only in that it relies almost entirely on literary sources to trace the rise and fall of the English gentleman, most inevitably, it returns again and again to Trollope and the shades of behaviour that define the standings of Plantagenet Palliser, Phineas Finn, Lord Silverbridge, the Duke of Omnium *et al.* A key chapter entitled "Factories for Gentlemen," is devoted to British public schools. Mason points out that the demand for boarding schools that would "build character" as well as prepare boys for examinations, paralleled the Victorian rise in demand for a larger ruling class of officers, colonial civil servants, judges, M.P.s, and, of course, gentlemen schoolmasters. By 1914, the number of good grammar schools had risen from nine to nearly 300. All of them had been influenced by Arnold's headmastership of Rugby. A deathless picture of Arnold's Rugby, where Tom and other junior fags were roasted over fires to ensure obedience, but where muscular ideals won out over bullying, is provided by Thomas Hughes' *Tom Brown's Schooldays*.

Arnold felt that an aristocracy by birth had to justify itself by merit and responsibility. He sought to instill religious and moral principles, then gentlemanly conduct; intellectual ability came third. He knew how wicked boys could be, but he also gave them authority; the Sixth Form learned to rule. Boys were taught to endure and to get on with their peers. Boys of 16 were taught

to command respect, to win it by doing all the right things ("the system persisted: at 16, I was a commissioned cadet, ate in the officers' mess, was saluted by 45-year-old Warrant Officers and received a 'Greeting' informing me that I was now not only an officer but also a gentleman; one could not possibly be one without being the other. Among other things this meant that, when in uniform, I could no longer ride in a second-class railway carriage").

The schools were meant to harden one, to produce tough rulers. The hardy Tom Brown protected his rather effeminate young friend Arthur from bullies; this was considered noble and there was no suspicion of any hanky-panky. Tom advised his friend not to talk about home or his mother and sisters. The school was real home. That tradition persisted for a century, according to Mason.

But public school boys largely felt affection only for others of their own class. The high-minded Tom himself divided the world into "louts" and gentlemen. As Mason points out, the louts eventually came to understand that they had a right to be irritated, to say the least, at being treated with that cold, expensively acquired imperturbability. The gentleman and his class remained indifferent to those not of their class. The other classes did not have their revenge until the post-war General Election, when Churchill and all he stood for was summarily booted out of office.

Political allegiances in Britain today are no longer matters of class. Mason writes that the idea of a gentleman as a situation in life is almost extinct. Yet he also points out that public schools are still flourishing, even though fees start at \$7,000 a year. Parents still believe that those elusive gentlemanly qualities are still worth acquiring. They also believe that they are still an indispensable social asset.

The gentleman of today is no longer a chivalrous warrior or muscular Christian. He need not be officer, ruler or magistrate; company director will do very well. But he must be unflinchingly considerate and courteous, patient and polite to all, a "real gent". One of the distinguishing marks, Mason reminds us, is that he must never say that he knows in his heart that he is a gentleman.

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The Helen Smith Story, on the other hand, is a bore. Which is a shame, since the mystery in this real-life English story, much featured in the British tabloids, of a death in Saudi Arabia has as much potential as any Raymond Chandler story.

The basic story line should be good: Young English nurse goes to Jeddah, ends up falling off porch of apartment in which drunken (in Saudi Arabia that's illegal) party is taking place. Lots of innuendo about what really went on at the party.

Nurse's dad is a former cop and no slouch. Off he goes to Jeddah to collect his daughter's body and get involved in the mystery. Who did kill Helen? Did she fall? Was she pushed?

The trouble with this story is its clutter: accounts of Helen's autopsy; contradictory clues as mischievous author at the scene; they may horrify with their accounts of the coastal societies of America gone nuts, but they are grippingly

REAL MURDER stories can never be as satisfying as fictional ones. Resolution, after all, is not of this world, but rather in the storyteller's mind.

In the real world, murders take place between lovers, friends, husbands and wives. In fiction it's much more insidious. Mafia-like. And in fiction, while the detective, whether sly or decrepit, young or old, bumbling or competent, always solves the case, in the real world the questions that remain always seem to outnumber the answers.

These three books are three real-life murder tales, and each one, in style and content, reflects a different social milieu in which those murders take place. That's one of the interesting things about murders — one of the ultimate forms of human tragedy, homicide is also in many ways the most acutely representative example of the society in which it occurs.

Madon-Quest's tale of greed, ambition and lust in New York is, more than anything else, about New York. Its ostensible subject is a sensational and glamorous murder.

Murder and madmen

BAD DREAMS by Anthony Holden-Guest. New York, Ballantine. 468 pp. \$6.50

A DEATH IN CALIFORNIA by Joan Barthel. London, Penguin. 480 pp. £3.25.

THE HELEN SMITH STORY by Paul Foot with Ron Smith. London, Fontana. 418 pp. £3.95.

Robert Rosenberg

If it isn't committed in high society, then at least it's in that kind of society which tries to get high.

The story of how Buddy Jacobson went crazy with his obsession can only be grasped through knowledge of his setting — an Upper East Side New York of airline hostesses, models and big-money real-estate dealers. He abandoned a career as

one of the great horse trainers of America with much the same compulsion that he then started trying to set records in the number of different women he could get into bed.

Ultimately he finds Melanie Cain, a cover girl, who may not be an intellectual, but seems bright — or at least relatively intelligent. No tuna in this pretty face's brains. Melanie falls for his fantastic imagination, dreams and extravagance. But his dreams turn bad. She picks up with Jack Tupper — an All-American nebbich (much more appropriate for the *shikan*). And Buddy gets mad.

IN NEW YORK, people are stark, neurotic, maybe even psychotic, but there is method to the madness. In the Los Angeles of Charlie Manson, the method is as fuzzy as mountain tops in the smoggy distance.

A Death In California is about a madman so charming that a potential victim falls in love with

him. He has murdered, stolen and coddled his way back and forth across America, and ends up — for reasons that are never made clear either by the author or by his character — in the arms of an American version of land-rich-cash-poor aristocrats, Hope Masters, a socialite, who lives on food stamps.

Ms. Masters finds herself bound and gagged by a man who at various times claims to be a CIA agent, the Jackal, a Mossad agent and — America, America — an advertising copywriter. His real name is lost in a myriad of aliases — so much so that the reader is not sure if it's Walker, Taylor, or Wright. But the story is not based on the fractured logic of a madman, but rather the fractured logic of a society such as California's, where being off the wall is considered okay as long as you have a Jacuzzi to soothe the nerves.

Holden-Guest's and Barthel's books are good reads. Well written, in the docu-drama style of the omniscient author at the scene, they may horrify with their accounts of the coastal societies of America gone nuts, but they are grippingly

written. No doubt they'll be made into movies.

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ISMAIL FAHMY was foreign minister and deputy prime minister of Egypt until 17 November 1977. On that day he resigned in protest against Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, and against the implications of that visit in terms of a separate Egyptian peace with Israel.

This book is clearly the apology for Fahmy's action in resigning. It also, through its character as a set of political memoirs by someone who spent a number of years at the centre of Middle Eastern politics, commands attention for the insights and information it can offer on the politics of the region in the 1970s.

Aside from justifying his resignation in this book, Fahmy tries to explain the policy which Sadat, through visiting Jerusalem, jettisoned — a policy which, in Fahmy's eyes, was on the way to achieving for Egypt and the other Arab states far more than Sadat actually did achieve through Camp David.

Fahmy is convinced that only a united stand by the Arab states against Israel could win the sort of concessions from this country that the Arabs, including the Palestinians, can accept. Without such a common stand, Israel will feel no need to come to an accommodation with the Arabs as a whole or with the Palestinians in particular. Without such a common stand, further, each individual Arab state will constantly feel the temptation to strike a bargain with Israel on its own account and abandon its Arab friends to their own fates.

Again and again Fahmy is at pains to stress that Egypt's actions, while he was in charge of that country's foreign policy, were aimed not at securing the interests of Egypt alone, but at winning political and military gains for the entire Arab world as a single whole.

While Fahmy was in charge of Egypt's foreign policy — and he usually was, for the picture that he gives of Sadat (and, interestingly, of most heads of state, as compared

Some rare insights



NEGOTIATING FOR PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST by Ismail Fahmy. London, Croom Helm. 331pp. £15.95.

David Wasserstein

with their foreign ministers) is one of bumbling incompetence, just this side of idiocy — the coincidence between Egyptian and Arab interests was nearly complete. One important reason for this was Fahmy's concern to establish in people's minds the awareness that Egypt was the most important Arab country: "I wanted to make it clear that Egypt was at the forefront of the Arab struggle and that, once Egypt took a decision, others had

no choice but to follow."

ONE OF the problems with such an approach is that it makes the assumption of such a coincidence of Egyptian and Arab interests without providing any demonstration of its truth. In fact, of course, they can coincide only so long as Egypt decides what Arab interests actually are and, further, decides that they are exactly what those of Egypt are. These two conditions are unlikely to find much acceptance among the broad masses of Arab public opinion or, for very long at least, among Fahmy's own (former) colleagues in the governments of the various Arab states.

There is a very cheery, smiling picture of Fahmy on the back cover of this book, which marches well

with the image which he projects of himself inside it. According to him — and for much of what he writes he is absolutely the only witness available — he was right about virtually everything, of great or of little importance, that happened in the Middle East and elsewhere during the last couple of decades. Every development was accurately charted, every possible twist minutely predicted and planned for, and every meeting skillfully maneuvered to Egypt's advantage.

Much of the credit for whatever is true in all this goes to Fahmy himself. He has created, or simply adopted from others, a personal style of international diplomacy which has, if he is to be believed, been of great benefit to his country. Fahmy clearly believes that careful calculations of national interest have their share in determining how countries behave; but also that their behaviour can often be altered, sometimes radically, by individual politicians' reactions to the forceful expression of contrary opinions by people like Fahmy himself.

He may be right; after all, his evidence, or such of it as he chooses to give us, goes some way to support what he says: his interlocutors, people on whose shoulders all our fates rest, very often, in conversation or negotiation with Fahmy, "went pale," became "visibly embarrassed," shocked, and so on. Many of them, furthermore, were not sufficiently devoted to their countries' interests, and too much devoted to their own careers (or worse: Dr. Kissinger was known to Fahmy to be Jewish, and little more than a plaything of Israel's policymakers).

SOME PEOPLE'S personal (and other) qualities come shining through. Brezhnev, for example, in one of a number of useful pen-portraits of world leaders which Fahmy gives us, was, we are told, "not formidable in any way and struck me as being a true gentleman." Carter, though, was

with the image which he projects of himself inside it. According to him — and for much of what he writes he is absolutely the only witness available — he was right about virtually everything, of great or of little importance, that happened in the Middle East and elsewhere during the last couple of decades. Every development was accurately charted, every possible twist minutely predicted and planned for, and every meeting skillfully maneuvered to Egypt's advantage.

Fahmy's personalisation view of history comes across nicely in his analysis of Sadat's decision to abrogate the Soviet-Egyptian Friendship Treaty in March 1976. According to Fahmy, Kissinger had nothing to do with this, although the good doctor has suggested in his memoirs that he discussed it twice with the apparently highly suggestible Sadat. In fact, Fahmy tells us, it was rather different: Sadat couldn't get to sleep one night in March, and only the sudden inspiration to break it all off with Mother Russia provided him with enough energy to fall asleep.

As against this example of political *non*, which, it should be realised, fits in well with Fahmy's picture in this book of a Sadat who had little real idea of what politics, especially international politics, was all about, Brzezinski, with his academic analyses of political affairs, his hypotheses and counter-hypotheses, was simply an airy-fairy intruder on the real world, with no understanding of "the hard facts of political life."

These hard facts take some learning but, for the uninitiated who cannot afford to rush out and buy this book for themselves, here is one of them:

"It takes time to learn to deal with the Soviets and understand their tactics. For example, the Russian negotiator never answers 'da' (yes) at the outset. The answer is always 'niet.' Often the first 'niet' means 'da', but at other times 'niet' is 'niet.' The problem is to learn to tell the difference."

The book is chock-full of insights like this.

Out-of-step soldier

YERUSHALAYIM TASHAH (Jerusalem '48), by David Shaltiel. Printed by The Ministry of Defence. 220 pp. No price stated.

Sraya Shapiro

aroused by the arrival in town of a group of young German Jews fleeing Hitler. In 1934 Shaltiel and his wife reached Palestine, the country he had visited briefly twice, some 10 years before.

How much a man's life depends on chance may well be illustrated by Shaltiel's case. He was queuing before the labour exchange in Tel Aviv, hoping for a day's work, when Berl Katznelson, the legendary Histadrut leader, recognized the man he had met in the Paris "Hehalutz" bureau. Two letters of recommendation he gave Shaltiel changed his destiny: one was addressed to Shaul Meiror (Avigdor), a Hagana leader; the other was for Moshe Shertok (Sharett), the Jewish Agency political secretary.

"Do you know what you want to do?" Shertok inquired. "I want to bear arms for the Jewish nation," was the proud answer.

While serving on an arms purchase mission in Europe Shaltiel landed in a Nazi jail. He was

released with the help of a Nazi lawyer hired by the Hagana.

Ten years later he was leading the Hagana forces in Jerusalem; after this, he helped found the Border Police (which he envisioned on the lines of the Foreign Legion and the Gendarmier).

IT is only natural that a man much maligned for his good intentions would note for posterity where his detractors were wrong. The book Shaltiel intended to write was never written, however: his plans were delayed by the Six Day War, and he died suddenly, just a day before he was to have told Lippman and Collins his version of the battle for Jerusalem. Some of the material Shaltiel had gathered is published in the present volume.

Only a military historian could pass judgment on Shaltiel's role. What is obvious, however, even to a layman, is the atmosphere which prevailed in the beleaguered Eternal City. Not only were the dissidents — Begin's IZL and Scheib's Lehi — apt to take unconcerned actions, thus hampering the Hagana plans; but Hagana formations, such as the Palmah, tended to be disadventured of a C.O. not of their ilk.

When Shaltiel managed to strike a deal with the dissidents to coordinate moves, he was reprimanded

by the political pundits in Tel Aviv for giving "recognition" to a body which the official Yishuv disowned.

The two instances which best illustrate this state of affairs were the attack on Deir Yasin and the attempt to save the Old City Jewish quarter. There was no strategic need to take Deir Yasin, the Hagana leader maintained; it was a dormant section of the front and neither the dissidents nor the Hagana had the forces necessary to keep the place should it be captured. Nevertheless, Deir Yasin was attacked by the dissidents, with dire military consequences and a disastrous political aftermath.

As for the Old City, the Palmah, which effected a breach, refused to hold it, though the Hagana could not muster the reinforcements needed to ward off the Arab Legion counterattack.

IS ANY useful purpose served by digging up past recriminations? Those who want us to learn from history usually have little influence on the decision-makers of the present. But what happened in Jerusalem in 1948 reveals clearly that the process of nation-building was far from completed at the time the nation was required to test its unity of purpose.

If the political leaders of today want to benefit from history, they should draw at least this lesson from the mistakes of the past: nothing is more disastrous than for a people to be divided in the face of danger.

Basic law

JEWISH CEREMONIAL by Eli Kellerman. Jerusalem, Carta. 69 pp. IS285.

David Geffen

THIS VOLUME, originally issued in Hebrew in 1977, carried the subtitle "Guide for Family Events." Now, in its Hebrew-English version, it bears the subtitle "A Guide to Jewish Prayer and Ritual," which seems to be too broad considering what the volume actually contains.

The author presents the halachic rituals of circumcision, redemption of the first born, bar mitzvah, marriage, grace after meals and mourning. These are the basic ceremonies observed by practically all Jewish Israelis, even if they define themselves as secular Jews.

While it was clear to whom the Hebrew version was directed, it is not clear what purpose the English language version is to serve. Even from a functional point of view, the English volume is not as practical as the original Hebrew which was printed in a more compact format.

The author weaves into the text appropriate and illuminating sources from the treasury of Jewish law and lore, and these passages provide additional insight into the rituals presented.

مكتبة الأصل

ON STREIT corners in the then Jewish South Bronx of the 1930s, Irving Howe would declaim from a soap box along with his socialist pals. One of these was another Bronx Jewish kid named Irving, whom the group called, Howe maintains, "the other Irving."

Howe has enough of his own "other" selves to present to us in *A Margin of Hope*, his "intellectual autobiography." With this book, he joins William Barrett and others from that generation, in the late Thirties and early Forties, which articulated its version of what it was all about. (Lionel Abel and William Phillips wrote memoirs. Others, like Delmore Schwartz and John Berryman, have had their memoirs written for them, as it were: Schwartz in the James Atlas biography and in Saul Bellow's novel, *Humboldt's Gift*, and Berryman in the recent book by his first wife, Eileen Simpson, *Poets in their Youth*. We shall have cause to return to all these below.)

Howe, who achieved his "fifteen minutes of fame" with the publication of *The World of Our Fathers*, a social history of the Yiddish-speaking immigration to New York, was already known as a social critic, and as one of the few pre-war radicals not to have forsaken his "core of belief" in socialism.

A Margin of Hope recounts his pilgrim's progress from the socialist groups and factionalism of the anti-Stalinist left in the Thirties to his career as a literary critic. Along the way, he became part of the small but highly influential group around *Partisan Review*, a political and literary quarterly which housed the "homeless radicals" who opposed both capitalism and Stalinism, and which reflected in its pages the assumption of a common point of departure embracing both avant-garde literature and radical politics. (This view was later challenged by the cumulative evidence presented by the works of modernist writers who advocated reactionary politics.)

The *Partisan Review* group was hurried on the right by practitioners of the genteel tradition in criticism, and then by the Southern Agrarian New Critics; and on the left by the communists and their fellow-travelling liberal friends. (Lionel Trilling's *The Middle of the Journey* has a very good description of this complicated history.)

The left was particularly powerful in the New York literary world at this time, and the adoption of an independent stance concerning say, the Moscow show trials, could seriously damage a writer's career.

It was Howe who, in a famous essay, later named this group around *Partisan Review* "the New York intellectuals." Naturally, many of them were Jewish. (So many, in fact, that Edmund Wilson, whom Howe describes in the book as looking in middle age like a cross between W.C. Fields and Henry James, took to calling it *Partisan Review*.) By virtue of his inclinations, Howe encountered, and dined with, some of the keenest minds in the literary and political worlds in the United States. So *Margin of Hope* is filled with a wonderful series of encounters, portraits, and debates.

HOWE IS the son of Yiddish-speaking working class parents in the Bronx. He went to City College. In high school, he joined the YPSL, the youth arm of Norman Thomas' Socialist Party. (They met in the Workmen Circle building.) Thomas drifts in and out of the book, always a figure treated with respect, even when there were sharp disagree-

ments over the Cold War (CIA-backed) American Committee for Cultural Freedom, for example. Howe recalls the time when, late in life, Thomas walked slowly to the podium to address an audience, came in hand, and prefaced his remarks with the self-observation: "Creeping socialism."

There were the usual, and by now expected, mergers and splits, and Howe left the party with the Trotskyites, who had joined it on a "raiding" mission. Later, the Trotskyites themselves split about the "class character" of Soviet society. Howe associated himself with the group around Max Shachtman.

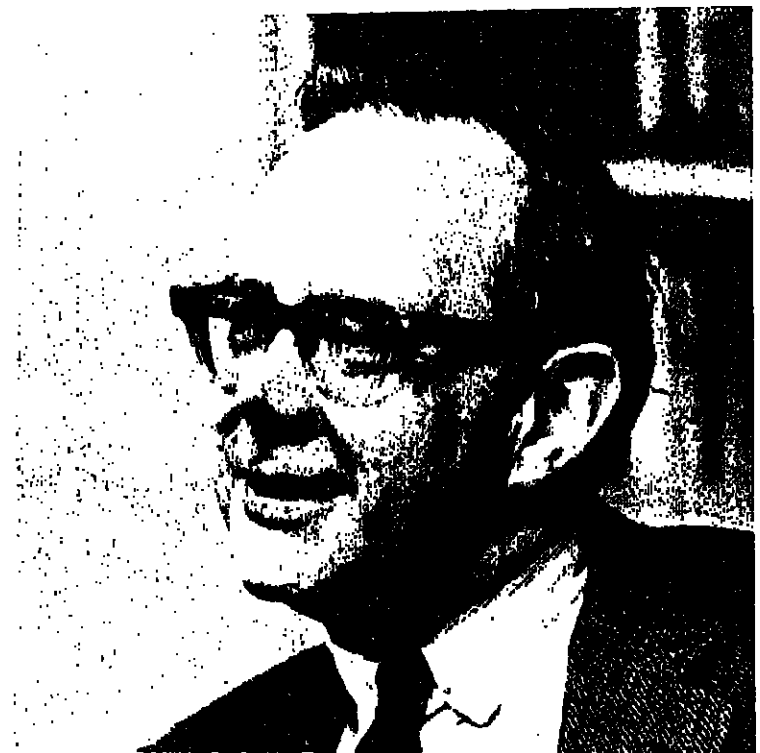
The Shachtmanites, as they were called, were more firmly anti-Soviet than the Socialist Workers' Party group around James Cannon. They regarded Soviet society as a new kind of formation — "bureaucratic collectivism." They thereby had advanced beyond the official Trotskyite position that Stalin's Russia was a "degenerated workers' state." If it was a workers' state, however degenerated, then it would still deserve socialist support, however grudging it might be. If it was a new formation (the Yugoslav dissident marxist Djilas later echoed Shachtman with his "new class" description of communist society), if it was something Marx had not foreseen, then socialists could oppose it. More fundamentally, if Shachtman was right, then the entire Bolshevik enterprise, and not only Stalin's Thermidor counter-revolution, was challenged. But this more radical consequence of their proposition would unfold over a decade or two, and not all at once.

Debating these and related questions, Howe and his friends filled the now legendary Alcove 1 in New York's City College of New York. Next, alcove over sat the young communists, including Julius Rosenberg. Among the Trotskyists were a brilliant handful who continued to shine down the decades, albeit in a furious rainbow variety of political colorations. The neo-conservative writer Irving Kristol published a lovely memoir of that Alcove 1 group in the *New York Times* magazine a few years ago. Someone remarked of the neo-conservatives that one had to be a Trotskyite in one's youth to end up a neo-conservative in one's maturity. (Even Norman Podhoretz went through his own Sixties version of radicalism before veering off to the neo-right.)

THE DEBATE about Stalin was waged most fiercely at the beginning of the Second World War. The pro-Soviet liberals had ignored Stalin's ruthlessness, due to their respect for the Great Experiment and their dread of the Nazis. (The critic Malcolm Cowley defends his Popular Front attitude by reference to the Nazis in his *I and I Worked at the Writers' Trade*.)

When the war began in Europe, the Shachtman group, and their literary fellow travellers grouped around *Partisan Review*, opposed American involvement. Why, they asked, should American workers die to defend the British Empire or Soviet "bureaucratic collectivism"? Stalin, they were so obsessed by the monstrous betrayal on the left that they failed to understand the unique and hellish challenge posed by Hitler. Their marxist vocabulary had trapped them. Trotsky had referred to Nazism as "barbarism." They saw it as the last refuge of capitalism rather than as the new formation it was in reality.

Howe and wherefore



A MARGIN OF HOPE by Irving Howe. New York, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 352 pp. \$14.95

David Twersky

His arrival at an accurate perception of Nazism, and his release from the exigencies of a marxist vocabulary, form an important part of Howe's life, and of this book. *A Margin of Hope* records more than Howe's transition from the Bronx to the City University Graduate Center. It is the story of a sea change in American intellectual and popular orientation. The significance of the New York intellectuals lies in the enormous impact they had on American political and literary sensibilities. (It was they who Europeanized American literary tastes, and popularized the Russians and the French. There was an issue of *Partisan Review* in 1946 which printed Sartre's essay on anti-Semitism and Camus' essay on Sisyphus for the first time in English translation.)

They often acted out in compact and extreme form the great debates which, in diluted form, convulsed large parts of the nation, sometimes years later.

AFTER A STINT in the army, where he bunked briefly with Dashiell Hammett, Howe returned to a changed America. The radical fires from the Depression period were dying down. America had elaborated a new image of Stalin. He was no longer the respected figure of the war years; he was the demonic figure of the Cold War years.

Howe had odd jobs with Dwight MacDonald and Hannah Arendt. He helped MacDonald with *Politics*, an independent radical magazine launched when its editor broke with *Partisan Review* over its endorsement of American entry into the war against the Nazis. (T.S. Eliot, it transpired, was a faithful reader, and was "anxious to meet" MacDonald when he came to the States after winning the Nobel prize.) He helped Arendt at Schocken Books. Later, they fell out over her book about the Eichmann trial, when he helped sponsor a public meeting during which the book was excoriated. By then Howe was the editor of *Dissent*, launched in 1953 to keep the flame of an independent

democratic left alive at a time of wholesale backsliding by the intellectuals, which coincided with their sudden absorption by American universities.

"When intellectuals can do nothing else," he wrote at the time, "they start a magazine." But "starting a magazine, as even right wing intellectuals later discovered, can also be a way of doing something." Howe and his friends had no longer a large-scale labour party to fall back on. And the Cold War climate was an unfriendly one. They would quote Harold Rosenberg's aphorism: "The weapon of criticism is undoubtedly inadequate. Who on that account would choose to surrender it?"

In 1946, Clement Greenberg published in *Commentary* Howe's first venture in literary criticism, a reading of Isaac Rosenfeld's *A Passage from Home*. Rosenfeld was Saul Bellow's Chicago friend, and they were both, briefly, members of the Shachtman group, an association Rosenfeld parodied brilliantly in his story, "The Party."

HOWE MOVED on to Princeton in the late Forties, and joined a group of brilliant young men of letters around the autodidact critic R.P. Blackmur. Several accounts of these years are available, including the bittersweet *Poets in their Youth* and the caustic *Humboldt's Gift*. What a group: Saul Bellow, Irving Howe, Delmore Schwartz, and John Berryman. Young men of extraordinary talent, genius even, and the last two tragic in their ends. Howe arrived at literary modernism through his experience of radicalism; they through the radicalism of their experience. Berryman had his "Rimbaud and chaos, but (Howe) had Marx and history, and for a time they provided equally substantial, if illusory, comforts."

Howe was an early participant in the literary debates, never far from political, which split the group into factions, which easily re-formed as the questions changed. He was opposed to the New Critics, yet wisely chose to test out critical theories in the laboratory of the classroom. He was never an "art for art's sake" man; when Ezra Pound, who had embraced Mussolini and anti-Semitism in the Thirties, was awarded the Bollingen prize for poetry, Howe sided with those who thought that odious politics ob-

scured even brilliant verse. Berryman, Lowell and Schwartz defended the award.

Howe switched to Brandeis University (the only English professor who got his job because he could talk in and about Yiddish) in the early Fifties. He recalls listening to President Abraham Scharf fundraise among the "new millionaires." "At one fund raiser Sachar ended his cussing pitch with an anecdote. There had been a most promising young man named Harry Widener who found himself on that fated journey of the R.M.S. Titanic. He went down with the ship as a gentleman should. To honour his memory, his family had a library built in Harvard yard and now — pianissimo, the voice sinking gently — when the students at Harvard go to the library, they don't say, 'Let's go to the library,' they say, 'Let's go to Widener.' A hush fell across the room. One could almost see quivers of emotion journeying from soul to soul, as if the assembled manufacturers and real estate men were ruminating. 'Someday, maybe they'll say, 'Let's go to Shapiro!'"

AFTER HIS piece on Shalom Aleichem came out in *Partisan Review*, Howe was approached by the Yiddish poet Eliezer Greenberg, who convinced him to collaborate on a series of anthologies of translations from the Yiddish. This proposal inaugurated the now famous collections of short stories, poetry and essays which made much of Yiddish literature available to a wide American market. There was also an interesting spin-off or two. Greenberg introduced Howe to the writing of Bushevis Singer, then available only in the original Yiddish. He read aloud "Gimpel the Fool." Howe liked it, and "inveigled" Saul Bellow to come down to Greenberg's apartment where, in one long night of work, hunched over the typewriter, he translated it. Howe sent it to *Partisan Review*, and the editor, Philip Rahv, phoned back excitedly, asking "Where did you find him?" This was the beginning of Singer's English career.

MUCH of the book deals with Howe's coming to terms with his Jewishness and with Israel. He did not "dance in the streets" when the State was established, but increasingly came to identify with it, and to extend "critical support." He now visits regularly, has a niece on a kibbutz, and is very close to a group of Peace Now academics and kibbutzniks.

He is no more sanguine about his Jewishness than about his socialism. "What I was left with as a 'partial Jew' (Harold Rosenberg's term) was the tradition of secular Jewishness, which as I turned to it, was now clearly reaching a point of historical finish... (Jewish culture) if not physically destroyed by totalitarianism... might be psychologically effaced by democracy."

THE 1960s found him in a new, somewhat confused situation. He welcomed the new spirit; he feared, and was later confirmed in his sense, that the new left would repeat many of the mistakes of the old, and substitute Cuba, Vietnam, the Third World "noble savage," for the earlier Stakhanovite. The fascination of C. Wright Mills, his colleague at Brandeis, with Castro led to a break between them. (Mills was an enormously influential figure for the new left.)

It became fashionable for many older liberals to reassert what they

now claimed was a dormant radicalism. Howe, who had renounced neither his radicalism nor his common sense, was bypassed. All of a sudden, he was being attacked again from the left. He spent much of the Sixties locked in doctrinal dispute with the increasingly strident new left. When one group of leftists persisted in following him around a California campus and shouting insulting slogans at him, he finally turned on them, and rendered them speechless by prophesying that their leader would end up "a dentist" — a deep curse in the Sixties.

In retrospect, Howe is forgiving, even generous, to some of his colleagues who veered sharply to the left in that crazy decade. In recalling Louis K., who was elected president of the prestigious Modern Language Association by the left, and who delivered himself of several socialist-realist pronouncements reminiscent of Popular Front critics in the Thirties, Howe remarks: "Yet I know Louis, he isn't really a commissar, he wouldn't hurt a fly, he has simply been driven out of his mind by the zeitgeist."

He saw the new left as "a society for resurrecting The God That Failed." He had held on to "the caution of liberalism," and so resisted the violent veering from left to right to left to right down the decades.

HE RETAINS his sense of humour although, when he takes aim, his target is obliged to duck. Of the later "mellowing" of the new left leaders he writes: "Tom Hayden, having denounced (Michael) Harrington and me for presenting the Democratic Party as an arena in which radicals could function,"

In his writing, he "played with a mixture of high seriousness and street colloquialism," "a mixture of mandarin elegance and street outcry" which came to characterize the best of the critical and fiction writing of his generation. Howe came to recognize it as a reflection of the "refinement and coarseness" which characterized the generation of "writers coming out of the immigrant Jewish milieu."

A Margin of Hope does not offer us any new programme. Howe sees his Jewish secularism and his socialism as having essentially played themselves out. "The years of my life," he concludes, "coincided with the years of socialist defeat." Still, "I am now inclined to think that the case for socialism must be made increasingly on moral grounds."

He carved out a place for himself at the difficult intersection of literature, politics and Jewishness. It seems clear that his initial tools were inadequate, and have not reshaped public discourse in America; but how much poorer we would be had he chosen not to make the attempt.

He implores us to take a hard look at the grim circumstances which have defeated the grand dreams of this century. He knows that there is nothing to hope for, but also that one cannot hope for nothing. A people, a culture, need to hope, even if the hope is reduced to something held in the mind rather than in our outer life so circumscribed by this century's dreadful failures.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

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A series of one hundred prints (1930-1937) by Picasso which deal with several themes: The Circus, The Bull-Fight, The Female Nude, The Minotaur and others. From the collection of the Israel Museum, Jerusalem. Gift of Mr. Isidore M. Cohen, New York.

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Visiting hours: Sunday, Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday closed. Saturday 10 a.m.-2 p.m. 7-10 p.m. Box Office: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Friday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Saturday 7-10 p.m. Helena Rubinstein Art Library: Sunday, Monday, Wednesday 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Tuesday, Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 4-8 p.m., Circulating Exhibits (loan) Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Tuesday 10 a.m.-1 p.m. 4-7 p.m.; Sales desk: Sunday-Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Saturday 7-10 p.m. Information desk and Box Office Tel: 281297.

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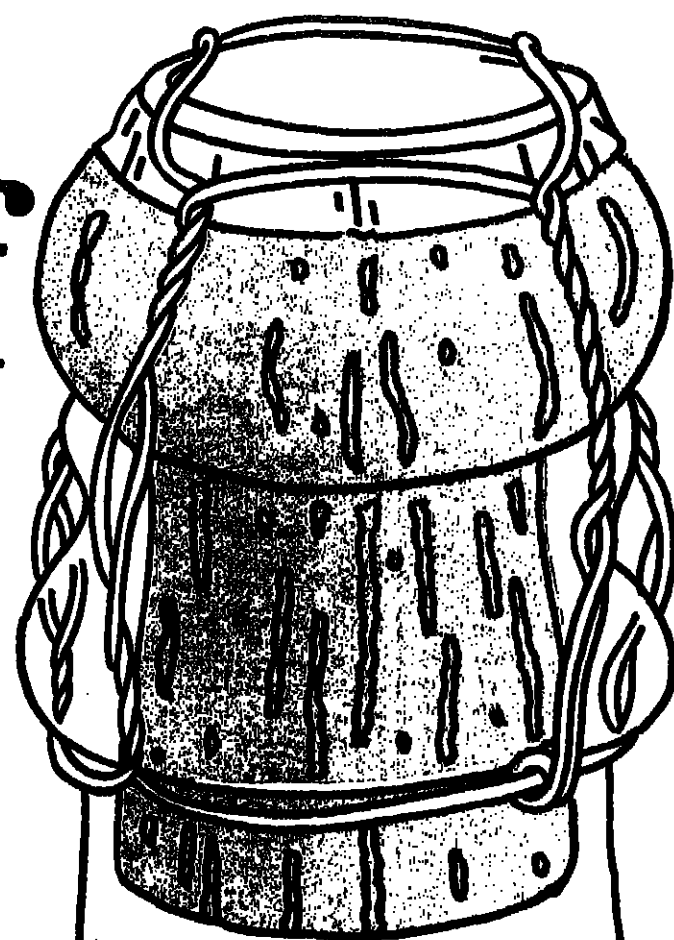
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הכזה מן האל

COINCIDENCES sometimes come in handy. Just as I was about to begin researching an article on local sparkling wines, a fellow consumer affairs writer from New York happened to hand me an issue of *Best Buys* magazine with an article of hers on the sparkling wines which are all the rage in the U.S. It gave me some useful background data for my visit to the Stock winery in Petah Tikva, where I wanted to discuss my family's favourite new table wine. It is a slightly-bubbling product called "Palais Royal," which gives the pleasant illusion of drinking champagne at a much lower cost.

As every Frenchman or well-informed wine lover knows, champagne refers only to that wine which comes from the Champagne region in France. Bubbly wines from elsewhere may be labelled sparkling, *mousseux*, *spumante*, pearl, or at the very most *methode champenoise*, but may not be called simply "champagne."

According to the wine lore in my colleague's article, real champagne was discovered by chance by a monk named Dom Perignon when he tasted a bottle of his order's wine which had accidentally gone into a second fermentation. He is reported to have cried out to his fellow monks, "Come quickly. I'm drinking stars!"

All the major wineries in this country produce some kind of wine that sparkles, but only Carmel's President's Sparkling Wine and Sambayon have the right to carry the words *methode champenoise*. In fact, they say it only in English, with the phrase: "Fermented in this bottle by the traditional method." This means that the wine has been made to bubble by inserting a special yeast into each individual bottle. When the proper level of fizziness is attained, the bottlenecks are frozen and the yeast is taken out in the form of an ice cube.

All other bubbling local wines, whether by Carmel or other firms, are produced with the deliberate insertion of carbon dioxide gas — by a method somewhat similar to that used for carbonated soft drinks.

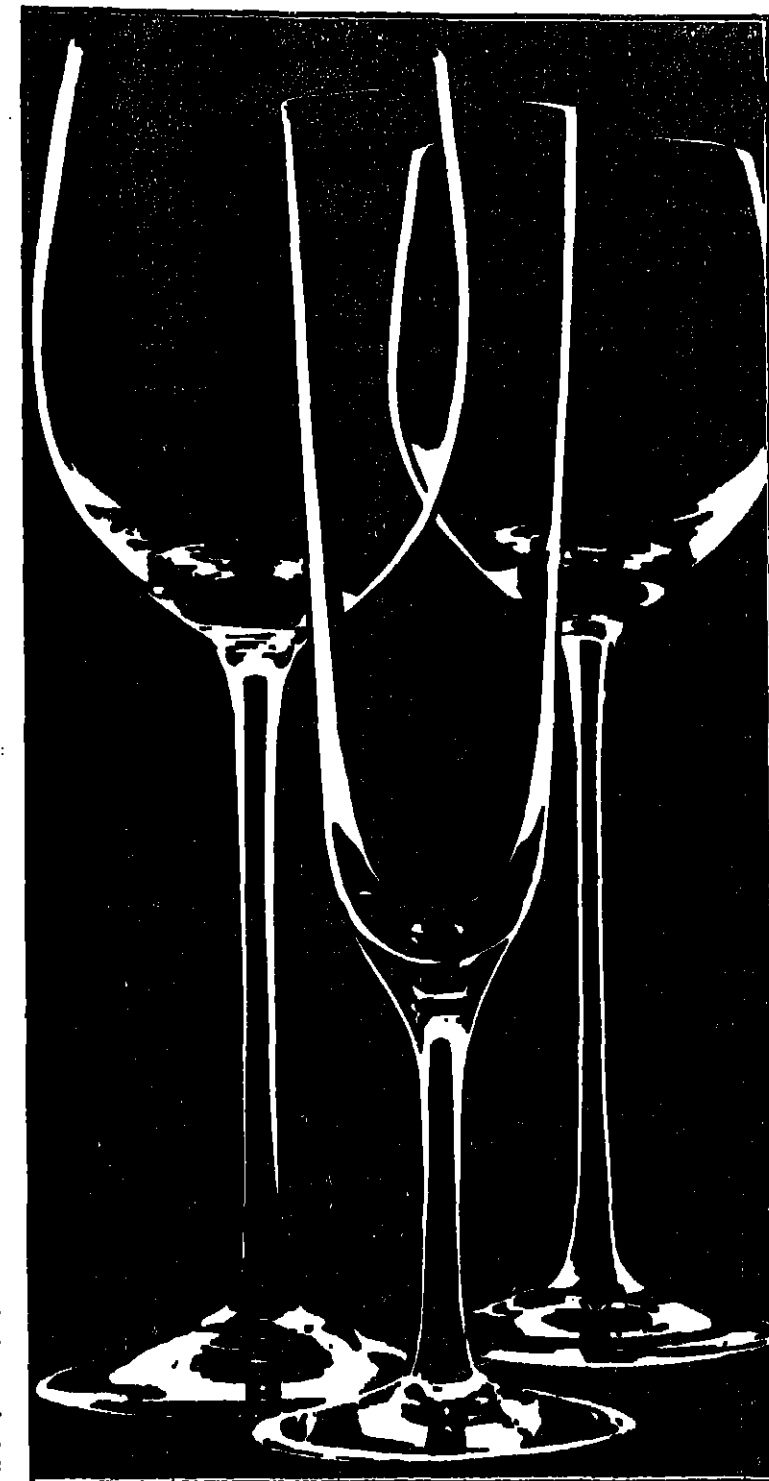
There is nothing illegal or immoral about artificial carbonation of wine, which is done all over the world today. I was told by the director-general of the government's Israel Wine Institute, Charles Loinger. A native of Strasbourg, he is both an agronomist and an oenologist (wine expert), who directs the oenological laboratory in Rehovot. The lab carries out quality checks, on behalf of the Ministry of Industry and Trade, of local wines for the Israeli and the export markets and of incoming import wines. Another job of the Wine Institute, is to help the wineries improve the quality of their products and to help introduce new strains of wine grapes to our vineyards.

Wine which is artificially carbonated, however, is considered to be of a lower quality than wine sparked in the *methode champenoise*, Loinger insists. "There should be a huge difference in price," he says.

Here in Israel, there is not. In fact, the Ashkelon winery's medium dry *Vin Mousseux*, made with a CO₂ injection, carries a recommended retail price of IS272.50, which is even higher than Carmel's President's Wine. Such a phenomenon, says Loinger sarcastically, is a credit to the cleverness of some of our wineries. Or perhaps to the ignorance of our public.

THESE ARE modern wine-makers, however, who argue that

All that bubbles



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

the method of production is immaterial to the public, and that only the end result counts. What is desired is a distinct *mousse* of tiny bubbles that make the wine stay fizzy or, as the experts say, it "keeps the bead" well.

The traditional French champagne-method of achieving this is costly and difficult. The most common modern method, used for most sparkling wines in Israel, is to add CO₂ directly to the wine in huge vats before bottling. An even cheaper method is to add the CO₂ on line while filling the bottles, as is done with soft drinks, but this produces larger bubbles, which are less desirable.

Apart from the champagne-method wine and the carbonated sparklings, there is a third category known as "pearl wines." These are distinguished by the degree of fizziness. Sparkling wines, like true champagnes, have a fizziness which measures at least five atmospheres of pressure; pearl wines have only around two atmospheres.

In the pearl wines, this slight fizziness may either be a natural result of the wine's own first fermentation — as is the case with many delightful refreshing light Portuguese

wines. Or it may be aided by a small amount of artificial carbonation, as in our local pearl wines. Because the gas pressure is so low, these may be safely bottled in ordinary wine bottles, not necessarily in the heavier glass required for champagne-types and true sparklings. But this is only one reason our pearl wines are cheaper.

THERE IS a curious bureaucratic twist to the pricing of bubbly wines in Israel. Although ordinary still wines carry no purchase tax at all, there is a 40 per cent tax on any wine which has a fizziness of three atmospheres or more — no matter if this was achieved by the true champagne method or by the artificial injection of CO₂. This is apparently because champagne or any facsimile of it is considered a "luxury" in the eyes of the authorities.

To me, this makes as little sense as it would to tax the rose from the lowly carp on the grounds that caviar is food for the wealthy! The less bubbly pearl wines are exempt from the 40 per cent tax because of their lower fizziness.

Incidentally, this fizz tax was recently raised by 10 per cent, while all logic would seem to dictate it be

abolished. One wonders that the wineries themselves do not fight it — unless they feel the resultant higher prices on their sparkling products adds to their snob appeal.

IT IS POSSIBLE to buy real French champagne in Israel — at prices over IS1,000 a bottle. For the price of about two bottles of French champagne, you could have a whole case of a dozen bottles of Carmel's President's Sparkling Wine. At its recommended retail price of IS260.70 a bottle, it comes in five different types: red, which is on the sweet side; pink, which is medium dry (*demisec*); and three whites — *demisec*, extra-dry and *brut*, which is the driest of all. Most supermarkets do not keep all of them. Israelis on the whole favour the sweeter varieties, though connoisseurs recommend as dry a champagne as possible with main courses, while the sweeter varieties are reserved for dessert. Carmel's top quality champagne-method wine, Sambayon, retails for IS366.90 and is produced only in *brut* unless for a special large order.

Carmel's marketing manager, Gad Lustig, suggested I tell readers that serving President's Wine at a party in place of hard liquor can make just as big an impression on guests at no more, or even less, cost. He also noted that it is only 13 per cent more expensive than Carmel's choicest still wines such as its Cabernet Select.

Carmel itself also makes some sparkling wines by the Italian method of adding CO₂ to the vats. Its *Spumante*, in extra-dry or *demisec* versions, costs IS196.90 per bottle. A slightly cheaper brand of *demisec* sparkling, called Blue Star, is produced by its subsidiary winery, Robin, and sells for IS164.90.

In the pearl wine category, Carmel makes a rose and a white, both *demisec*, called Pearl of Carmel, which sells for a low IS104.90. It is working on a new pearl-type product, which Lustig hopes will replace the imported Italian Bosca. In general, he says, sparkling and pearly wines are becoming increasingly popular here, with Carmel holding 80 to 85 per cent of the market.

Incidentally, if you're shopping in Hebrew, sparkling wines are known as *netashim*, while the less fizzy pearl wines are *p'nahim*. The single type made by the champagne-method is simply known as *champagne Yisraeli*.

Ashkelon Wines labels its sparklings with the French term, *Vin Mousseux*. Its black-label *demisec* version is the more expensive, at IS272.50; the red-labelled dry costs IS203.80. The Eliaz winery sells Binyamina Sparkling wine, *demisec*, for IS178 a bottle.

THE YEAR 1984 will mark the centenary of Stock of Netanya and Petah Tikva, which only began making wines less than five years ago after building its reputation on brandies and liqueurs. Its Montfort wines quickly soared to national and European recognition, and took two first prizes last spring in a competition co-sponsored by the Israel Wine Institute and the Tel Aviv Carlton-Penta Hotel. Its Sauvignon Blanc and Riesling took firsts in their respective categories, while Ashkelon's Ben-Ami won first place among the red wines. Stock plans to start marketing Montfort wines in the U.S. during 1984.

In the sparkling wine category, Stock is particularly proud of its Gila *Spumante*, produced here according to the Italian formula. It is

priced at IS245 a bottle. A less expensive *demisec* sparkling is its Netanya, which retails for IS195.

I was most interested, however, in its relatively new Palais Royal, a pearl wine which came out about six months ago and has so far been sold mainly to wedding halls. Although it is labelled medium dry, it tastes less sweet than most local sparklings and pearls, and may satisfy those who like the flavour of a rather dry champagne. It is not yet available in supermarkets, but it can be had from some wholesale dealers who supply halls and restaurants, and also sell to individuals. It is available in Tel Aviv at Mandel, 218 Ben Yehuda, for a price of IS155.25 throughout the holiday season.

In its short years as a wine-maker Stock has captured one-quarter of the local market, its managing director Gideon Kottler told a press tour last week. This is due mainly to the success of its Montfort line.

A COUPLE of years ago, all Israeli wines — including the sparkling ones — were being given a run for their money by a table flood of relatively inexpensive imports from Europe. This competition has been largely checked by several "administrative obstacles" imposed by the government in the past year or so. Among them are the new and stricter food labelling law, stiffer demands for chemical analysis of imported products, and the necessity for importers to make compulsory deposits with the authorities.

Israel still has a long way to go before becoming a serious wine-drinking country, Stock's manager admits. The estimated three to four litres per capita drunk here annually is only half the U.S. figure, and a small fraction of what some European countries consume.

If we are going to follow world trends, says Gideon Kottler, we should be drinking mostly white wines. In the Western world as a whole, 70 to 75 per cent of the wine drunk today is white. Here in Israel, on the other hand, reds and whites are about evenly divided. The fashion abroad is to drink it white, young, light and cool.

Most of the sparkling and pearl wines fit this description. And whether white, pink or red, wines that sparkle should certainly be served chilled.

WHILE I was working on this subject, at least two different people asked why I didn't simply recommend that people make their own "sparkling" wines by putting ordinary cheap, still wines in a domestic siphon and adding CO₂ cylinders. I know from my own experience with a Sypholux bottle that it will work.

But the general manager of Sypholux, Moshe Miron, advises strongly against it, saying that doing this even occasionally would ruin the rubber washers in the head of the bottle. He also says you should not attempt to fizz your wine in a Kenwood Cascade sodamaker, which Sypholux imports. The same negative advice is given by its competitor Sodastream, which insists that nothing but plain water should ever be put into the machine.

Miron suggests instead that people simply squirt a little soda-water into their wine at table, making what is commonly known as a *shpritzer*. This may be all very well for those who like it, but it is not really a substitute for champagne. Perhaps commercial sparkling and pearl wines aren't either, but they provide a better illusion.

Martha Melzer

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

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